A Rose by Any Other Name

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A Rose by Any Other Name

by purplesocrates

Summary

Hannibal had been one of the lead Professors at John Hopkins for the past ten years. He was well liked and respected. He lectured in aspects of psychology and psychiatry specialising in profiling, he also had a significant medical and surgical background and still published in these areas.

Living as a single Alpha alone for all of the time he had been here, taking a few lovers but no one had really managed to keep his interest. Subsequently he was very much a mystery to the other faculty members and students who all wondered about him. He was good looking, intelligent, had money, he was in all aspects a catch. He could have his pick of anyone but seemingly chose to remain alone. Mostly Hannibal did not really care for other people finding them exhausting, the thought of living with the same person for an extended amount of time filled him with dread and a low level anxiety. He valued his privacy above all else, his home was his sanctuary and he wanted it to stay that way. His life was good, he felt no need to change it.

Until he meets a young omegan student by the name of Will Graham...

Chapter 1

“Are you prepared, as always?” Chilton asks rather sarcastically as he sips from his large glass of red wine.

Hannibal sighs raising his own glass to his nose before inhaling the scent, it is a good vintage wasted on present company but Hannibal always refuses to lower his standards no matter what the circumstances. “Yes I believe I am.” He is, of course he is. They are sat at a small table in the faculty lounge bar.

“I see you were busy over the summer publishing another book.” Chilton remarks attempting nonchalance but his jealousy is lingering in the air and Hannibal cannot quite help the brief smug smile that crosses his face.

“Indeed.” Hannibal replies taking a modest sip from his glass. This whole meeting is a formality, one he feels he needs to do rather than would like to. He had hoped the Dean du Maurier would be joining them but she had other plans, apparently, Hannibal doubts it as he knows she finds Chilton’s company as unremarkable bordering on obnoxious as he does. “It was a diversion. What about you? Any plans to publish?” Hannibal asks knowing of course that Chilton did have a plan and the book which Hannibal published basically refuted Chilton’s current hypothesis.

To his credit Chilton only swallows and purses his lips slightly, he knows that Hannibal knows but has obviously decided to go with pretense that he doesn’t. “I have a few irons in the fire Doctor.”

“I never doubted it for a second.” Hannibal replies.

“I am surprised you give me much thought at all Hannibal.” Chilton says smiling, though the barb is still there.

Hannibal laughs “I give you as much thought as I would any of my colleagues dear Chilton, as much thought as you give me undoubtedly.” Hannibal says but he knows Chilton spends far more time obsessing over him than he does over Chilton. *Poor fool* , Hannibal thinks.

Chilton laughs genuinely at that “I think we both know the truth of that statement Hannibal.”

Hannibal does nothing but incline his head slightly and takes another sip of his wine. "So are *you* prepared Dr Chilton?"

"Ha!" Chilton replies, "not as much as I should be, but let's face it the new crop are always a little slow to challenge so I am sure I have a cushion of time."

Hannibal may agree but he still respects his students and so always gives them his best, anything less is just impolite if you ask him. This is probably also the reason he has the reputation he has and why his class is always over subscribed. "We shall see, I have heard we may have a few promising students this year."

"Really?" Chilton says interested now, the gossip he is known to be showing, "I am afraid I was otherwise engaged during the interviews." Chilton says, they both know he was galavanting in Spain with an omegan female far too young and naive to know better. Hannibal of course is far too discreet to mention it.

"Of course I remember now." Hannibal says with a slight smirk on his face which Chilton mistakes for his being impressed.

"So a good crop then?" Chilton asks.

Hannibal remembers hearing of one particular student who he had been told by the Dean was something of a prodigy. Hannibal had raised an eyebrow at that. He then had a look at the student in questions record and been suitably impressed at what he had found. "Yes, I believe so, perhaps a few to challenge us."

Chilton laughs "me perhaps! I doubt you ever find yourself challenged Hannibal!" Chilton admits in a rare moment of self awareness that takes Hannibal aback slightly.

"Kind of you to say Chilton but I assure you I am often challenged." Of course he means he is challenged by others stupidity, he is challenged by being the most intelligent person in the room, any room.

“Humble as always.” Chilton smirks.

Hannibal had stayed to finish the bottle of wine with Chilton, then made his excuses and gone back to his house. There was only so much amusement one could glean from an encounter with Chilton, after a while it felt a little like shooting fish in a barrel. He did have early start in the morning. He liked to have at least an hour to himself in his office before the lectures started especially at the start of a new term and year, it was important for him to feel prepared. He had been one of the lead Professors at John Hopkins for the past ten years. He was well liked and respected. He lectured in aspects of psychology and psychiatry specialising in profiling, he also had a significant medical and surgical background and still published in these areas.

Living as a single Alpha alone for all of the time he had been here, taking a few lovers but no one had really managed to keep his interest. Subsequently he was very much a mystery to the other faculty members and students who all wondered about him. He was good looking, intelligent, had money, he was in all aspects a catch. He could have his pick of anyone but seemingly chose to remain alone. Mostly Hannibal did not really care for other people finding them exhausting, the thought of living with the same person for an extended amount of time filled him with dread and a low level anxiety. He valued his privacy above all else, his home was his sanctuary and he wanted it to stay that way. His life was good, he felt no need to change it.

As planned he had made it to his office early, treating himself to a takeaway coffee and danish, he was sat in his office reviewing the rostra of students in his classes. He looked at the names and smiled once more as the young prodigy had signed up to this class. Mr Graham from New Orleans, the youngest of his year he had graduated his high school a year ahead of his classmates. His father was a police officer who had been injured and forced into early retirement he now worked on boat yards. Mr Graham had spent the next summer helping his Dad to make extra money for college while also studying, a very dedicated and intelligent young man. The FBI was already sniffing around him.

Checking the time he realised he had ten minutes until his students arrived. He finished his coffee and threw away the serviette he had used for the danish before leaving his office for the large lecture hall. He arrived to see his assistant Matthew Brown had set up the room as he had requested, course handbooks ready for the students to take, the laptop with the slides setup and ready to go. “Morning Brown.” he says as he enters the room leaving the door open.

Matthew looks up from the laptop and smiles “morning Professor. Everything is ready as you requested. Is there anything else I can get you?”

Hannibal moves closer to the desk and can see everything is to his satisfaction, he smiles “no thank you Brown you have exceeded yourself as always.” Matthew beams under the praise and Hannibal

only just manages to stop himself from rolling his eyes. “Perhaps you could greet the students as they come in makes sure they all find us?”

“Yes Professor, of course.” Matthew says and makes his way to the door and stands just outside. Hannibal shakes his head but he does think at least Brown is keen, better to have a keen assistant than a lazy one. He makes his way to the front desk and leans just against the edge surveying the empty room he closes his eyes for a moment and then he hears the first few voices of the students entering.

“Please” he says gesturing to the pile of course guides “take one.”

It takes about twenty minutes until the lecture hall is completely full and everyone is settled, a murmuring of voices as everyone gets acquainted. Silence though is immediate the moment Hannibal stands and clasps his hands together signalling he intends to start. He surveys the group and notices all are paying rapt attention he smiles. He begins.

The lecture goes well as always, his students laugh in the right places seems suitably awed and excited by what he has planned for the syllabus and also terrified at the workload he expects from them. When he is done he receives an applause which he pretends to be made uncomfortable by. He waits as the students leave in case of questions, a few stop him and he directs most of them to Matthew who will be the main person they can contact. Once they are all done, Matthew has excused himself to go and sort out some student queries with the department office, Hannibal checks his watch he has half an hour until his next seminar.

As he starts to leave he hears a cough and rustling of papers from the back of the lecture hall he turns and looks up to find a young man still sat in one of the upper rungs of the lecture hall seating gathering his bag. “My apologies” Hannibal says “I thought everyone had left. Are you alright?”

At the sound of his voice the young man looks up from packing his bag and begins to wrap a tartan scarf around his very long, pale neck. Hannibal can see now he has messy, curly brown hair long at the top and shorter at the sides, he is wearing a grey jacket with a slightly off white shirt underneath and jeans. “Oh no, I just prefer to let everyone leave. Not a fan of crowds.” The young man says as he pushes his glasses up his nose and pointedly does not look at Hannibal. *Obviously not a fan of eye contact,* Hannibal thinks as he watches the young man shoulder his battered leather satchel.

“Understandable.” Hannibal replies.

The young man is now making his way down, eyes downcast, the steps closer to Hannibal who watches him with interest. He is much younger than the other students and this is when Hannibal realises this must be Mr Graham "Are you Will Graham?" Hannibal asks just as Will reaches him, he stops, mumbles something and nods. "Ah! I thought so. It is good to meet you." Hannibal says and holds out his hand for Will to shake.

Will looks at Hannibal's hand, a range of emotions crossing his face until he finally looks up at Hannibal, frowns and then takes his hand and shakes it, a firm handshake. It is in this moment Hannibal realises a few things at once, Will Graham is an omega, he is exceptionally beautiful and that he is made incredibly uncomfortable by direct eye contact but that ironically his eyes are absolutely stunning. Hannibal is rendered momentarily speechless at all of these realisations. It is Will that drops Hannibal's hand and coughs again awkwardly "well I best be going."

"Of course, please let me know if there is anything you need." Hannibal says rather lamely, hearing his voice sound embarrassingly breathless, he is usually much better with people than this.

Will smirks and raises an eyebrow which makes Hannibal almost fall over so unexpected gesture, there is obviously a very confident young man under this awkward exterior. "Thanks, will do." Will adds before turning and leaving. Hannibal is left feeling a little shaken at this encounter. He shakes his head as he thinks *what an intriguing young man.*

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Preparing and eating dinner had done nothing to calm his nerves. He retires to the lounge taking his wine with him. An idea which has been forming for a while begins to make itself louder in his head. He goes to the desk drawer reasonably sure he kept it, yes, he removes a small business card from the drawer frowning slightly but then he realises a distraction is just what he needs. He had met this young man at a fundraiser the university was holding he was more brash than Hannibal's usual type but he was objectively handsome and also obviously willing.

Is he really going to do this? What amounts to a booty call? He thinks but then the beautiful visage of Will Graham floats in front of his mind's eye and he sighs before picking up the phone and dialling the number.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal tries not to be distracted by his brief encounter with Will Graham. However the young man's smirk and raised eyebrow are all he can think about for the rest of the day. When he finally gets home to pour himself a glass of wine he is beginning to get irritated with his one track brain. He cannot spend the rest of the year like this, he is going to have to interact with Mr Graham on a regular basis. This kind of flustering is most unprofessional. He decides to play his favourite aria while he prepares dinner in order to flush out these thoughts. It is probably just because it has been a while since he has had intimate contact with anyone. Not for want of offers but he has just been uninspired.

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Anthony Dimmond is pleasant enough he is polite and willing which is all Hannibal really needs. He fucks him over the back of the couch in his lounge thinking about Will Graham the entire time, feeling vaguely ashamed but soon biology and need take over and all thoughts are driven from his mind. Dimmond seems to enjoy this kind of mindless sex, scratching an itch, he is loud and does not mind being treated a little roughly. If Hannibal is honest this is not what he wants to do to Will Graham, what he wants from him is entirely different and so his final orgasm, while momentarily satisfying the feeling does not last.

Hannibal offers for Dimmond to stay for a drink which he does and they talk briefly, again his thoughts are elsewhere. "So who is it you are trying not to think about?" Anthony asks and Hannibal frowns. "It's okay I am not offended trust me I got what I needed from the experience, it just seemed as if you didn't."

"It is complicated." Is all Hannibal will say but appreciates that Dimmond is trying to help but he has no intention of confessing his fantasies to man he barely knows.

"Isn't it always." Anthony has his own complications as he looks at Professor Lecter in the soft light of his lounge, he could definitely feel as if he might get attached, he is a strikingly beautiful Alpha and very good at fucking. Dimmond shakes his head and downs the rest of his drink he most assuredly does not want to get involved in a love triangle this was casual sex and nothing more. "Well I should be going. Thank you for a wonderful evening." He stands and Hannibal sees him out as they reach the door Anthony turns and kisses Hannibal on the cheek "I hope it works out Professor." Hannibal is touched and nods his head as he closes the door behind Anthony he sighs.

"Me too, me too."

Hannibal decides a shower would be a good idea so turns off all the lights downstairs and locks up for the evening. He goes upstairs to his bedroom and ensuite he showers under blistering hot water as if trying to burn away the shame he feels for fucking Anthony. He knows he should not feel any shame, there is nothing wrong with consensual sex he was very clear what he wanted from Dimmond who was only too willing to give it. Hannibal however cannot help feeling a little uneasy though. Thoughts of Will Graham are still plaguing him as he finally gets dressed for bed and closes his eyes to try and get some sleep.

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Today Hannibal has his office hours and he is hoping for few or no students to bother him having been clear that most queries should be directed to Brown. However at 2pm on the dot there is a

knock on the door and Hannibal opens his office door to Will Graham's smirking face. He wants to sigh but manages to smile instead. "Afternoon Mr Graham, please come in." He opens the door wider allowing Will in. "Take a seat."

Will enters as Hannibal closes the door, he briefly thinks about locking it and shakes his head at the intrusive thought. He makes his way to the safety of his desk and sits down. Will has not sat down but is instead perusing the shelves of books, journals and diaries that fill Hannibal's office running an errant finger along the spines almost unconsciously. This behaviour in any of his other students would irritate Hannibal, but Will is not like his other students.

Eventually Hannibal decides to stand as Will's attention seems to have been caught on one particular book. Hannibal stands probably too close behind him and peers over his shoulder at the book in question. "Ah surprised to see some Aeschylus in my collection."

Will takes a moment to realise that Hannibal has moved and is stood behind him. Hannibal can not help taking in Will's scent this close and he closes his eyes and hums slightly in approval at the sweetness of it. "Did you just smell me?" Will says but he does not turn.

"Apologies, difficult to avoid." Hannibal inwardly curses himself and takes a step back allowing Will more space. "What was it you wanted to speak to me about?"

Will puts the book back and then turns to face Hannibal "I was going to ask for some extra reading on profiling, I know it is a second year course but I wanted to get a headstart."

"Have you completed the reading for this semester?" Hannibal asks impressed. The list is not small and they are only on week three.

Will nods "yes, last week and I have been looking into the relevant sources for next semester's class but thought perhaps you could recommend a good place to start. Obviously I have already devoured your work." Will actually looks at him when he says that last part and Hannibal cannot help but lick his lips.

"Of course, let me write a list for you." Hannibal responds.

“Couldn’t I borrow them directly from you?” Will says taking a step closer to him. “From your collection.”

Hannibal raises an eyebrow at that as Will edges closer to him “why?”

Will smiles and then looks up at Hannibal through his eyelashes “I could think of a few reasons.” He pauses before adding “Professor.” Hannibal cannot help react to the provocative way Will says the word, as something else unfurls inside Hannibal, a need, a longing. Will closes his eyes and smiles before opening them once more “no, not Professor, that’s not what you like.” Hannibal can do nothing but raise his eyebrow again. Will smiles “not alpha, no that’s too obvious…” Will closes his eyes once more in thought before he opens them again and nods as apparently he has figured something out. Before Hannibal can even react Will leans back and sits on the edge of the seminar table looking up at Hannibal again “Daddy” he breathes out and smirks, “that’s what you like to be called.”

“Mr Graham I do not know what you think is happening here but I assure you whatever it is you are mistaken.” Hannibal hears himself say.

Will stands up and closes the distance between them Hannibal should move but he doesn’t he can only watch as Will smiles again eyes sparkling he kneels down in front of Hannibal never breaking eye contact. Hannibal gasps “Mr Graham please, stand up.”

“No, I do not think that is what Daddy wants at all.” Will says his voice is making Hannibal want to moan. The feeling gets even worse when Will still not breaking eye contact reaches up with his hands and undoes Hannibal’s belt. “I think Daddy wants my mouth.”

“Mr Graham!” Hannibal tries to exclaim but instead it comes out as a rumble, deep and expressive because Will’s hands are unbuttoning and unzipping Hannibal’s fly pushing down his underwear to reveal his hardening cock.

“I brought you a present.” Will says as he holds Hannibal’s cock in one hand, pushing the foreskin back he breathes on the slit and Hannibal gasps again. Before he knows what is happening Hannibal can feel something soft and wet. He looks down and can see that Will has taken a rose petal and is pushing it with the tip of his tongue along the shaft of Hannibal’s cock. The sensation, let alone the sight, of that deep red petal perched at the end of Will’s pink tongue is unbelievably erotic.

“Will...please…” Hannibal manages as he swells even more.

Will places his finger on the petal to keep it in place before looking up at Hannibal “you can call me omega if you like.” He whispers these words against Hannibal’s cock as he gently kisses the tip moving the rose petal down and under and back up before he sucks rose petal and all.

Hannibal’s hands grasp at Will’s hair which is as soft as he imagined. “Oh god omega!”

The resulting purr from Will makes Hannibal lose all control and he pulls harder on Will’s hair which elicits another encouraging purr. Will’s hands are now grasping Hannibal’s thighs as he begins to bob his head up and down Hannibal’s considerable length and girth almost choking himself on Hannibal’s cock.

It does not take long before Hannibal loses all control and begins to thrust and fuck into Will’s mouth. He can hear the choking, whimpering and moaning noises Will is making like a symphony in his ear and he cannot stop himself. He comes and fills Will’s mouth with the hot liquid. Will swallows it all then removes his mouth from Hannibal and begins to place hot, wet kisses on Hannibal’s knot.

“Fuck!” Hannibal wakes with a start and sits up in his bed he gropes for the bedside lamp and turns it on. Taking a moment to catalogue where he is, his bedroom, his bed, his house, he takes a deep breath and then he raises the covers and looks down he groans. *A wet dream, like a teenager!* He is ashamed and disgusted with himself. Closing his eyes he groans as the image that greets him behind his closed eyes is Will on his knees. “Fuck!” hannibal exclaims opening his eyes and throwing the cover back. *This is getting out of hand!*

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Hannibal had showered, a cold shower but had still managed to pull himself off a few more times at the thought of that dream, changed the sheets and tried to get back to sleep. Eventually he had given up and gotten up made coffee and tried to eat something. He really needed to get it together. His first lecture was with Will’s class. He would no doubt see the omega in class, studiously taking notes with that serious look on his face, hiding behind his glasses, hair all messy. He moans at the thought of it. This is starting to become impossible.

He had thought about calling Dimmond again making plans for this evening but it had left a bitter taste in his mouth last time, a poor substitute for what he really desired. He just needed to let all

thoughts of Will Graham go. It was never going to happen, he would concentrate on work. He decided to go in to his office early get a jump on some research papers he had been putting off before the lecture. He looked at the time it was still early he could go for a swim before. Exercise, routine and work would save him. He felt better now he had a plan.

After swimming until he could barely breath or more importantly hold a thought in his head, Hannibal made his way to his office feeling physically much better. He was focusing on the research papers he was going to start with. He opened his office and tried not to think about his dream. He turned on all the lights, put on the coffee, removing his jacket and placing his briefcase down while it brewed, he turned on his computer and sat down at his desk. All breath left him when he saw it. He blinked a few times thinking he was imagining it. Suddenly he thought maybe he was still dreaming, he pinched his hand hard it hurt he was still awake and in his office.

Carefully he picked the rose petal up, it was damp, he brought it up to his nose and inhaled the scent. *Will.*

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos are actively sought and loved, they will be given a very good home in my heart xxx

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

He goes through the lecture on autopilot not remembering most of it afterwards. What he does remember though is Will Graham's eyes on him. They never leave him throughout the whole hour. It feels as if there is a beam of light burning him up, he swears he can smell the omega too although that would be unlikely in the sea of students. Eventually the lecture is over and the students begin to file out. This process seems to take an age and he wishes they would all get a move on. Matthew too is faffing about with the projector until Hannibal gives him an errand to do and says he will take it back to the office. Brown finally leaves and Hannibal closes the door behind him and turns to meet that gaze from the back of the lecture hall.

"Mr Graham, if you could join me down here." Hannibal manages an air of calm as he finally meets those eyes, Will smiles and Hannibal can feel his resolve already breaking. Taking his time Will gathers his bag and makes his way down the steps to Hannibal who has moved to lean against the edge of the desk. Will stops just in front of Hannibal, shouldering his bag he still looks directly at Hannibal.

"Something you wanted Professor?" Will smirks, a challenge to Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will had woken from that dream gasping for breath. It had felt so real he could still taste Hannibal's cum in his mouth mixed with the texture of the rose petal. He could also feel his own slick between his legs, his cock painfully hard. Taking himself in his hands he stroked his cock and pushed his fingers inside himself. He had imagined Hannibal just as he was in the dream looking down at him with those red eyes so intense and so focused. He remembered the weight of Hannibal's cock in his mouth, hot and hard filling him completely.

He thought of himself so easily going to his knees, like it was nothing, the surety of the gesture. That feeling of being desired by Hannibal, of being wanted of having more control than he had ever experienced before. The way Hannibal had moaned when he called him Daddy, how he had known to call him that, how the word had felt leaving his lips. Will had never entertained being desired by someone like that before. Never such a powerful Alpha, never someone so much older than him. He had wanted Hannibal and he had wanted Hannibal to want him.

As he strokes himself and pushes fingers inside with more fervour he mouths the word 'Daddy' just trying it out for real. It felt good, so good he whispers it softly as he arches his back in pleasure.

“Daddy!” It makes him feel as if he is on fire, he can feel his orgasm now building as he imagines Hannibal’s own orgasm the sound of it, the feel of it, the power of it. The taste and feel of his cum. Then kissing Hannibal’s swollen knot. Will comes loudly as he shouts louder than he meant too “Daddy!”

When he comes back to himself he realises what has happened. He had been warned by his father that this might happen. His mother and father had experienced shared dreams, it had been intense and wonderful, because of it they had gotten together too fast with Will’s mother leaving soon after he was born. His father would still experience the odd dream until they stopped abruptly, he never said but Will’s father had perhaps thought she had died. Now he was having the same with someone he most definitely shouldn’t be.

His father had said they were addictive that if it happened he should not court it, but Will knew he wanted it to happen again. He needed it to happen again. His mind was filling with ways he could communicate to Hannibal in the real world that it had happened, that the dream was between both of them. It was then he had looked over to his desk where the flowers sent to him from his father for his birthday were in a vase. Getting up on shaky legs he went over to them and smiled as he saw a single red rose in the blooms.

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Hannibal is shaken by the rose petal and unsure what to do with it. He knows he should throw it away, he should definitely get rid of it. Instead, he stands up still holding the damp petal gently between his fingers and walks to his door locking it with a satisfying click before turning off the light leaving just his desk lamp. He makes his way back to his chair and sits down bringing the petal to his nose he inhales deeply, the scent is unmistakable, the petal has been soaked in Will Graham’s slick and it makes Hannibal feel as if every nerve ending in his body is suddenly on fire.

Placing the petal back on the desk in front of him he undoes his trousers pushes them and his underwear down breathing a sigh of relief as his very erect cock is released. He grasps it with one hand and strokes, moaning as he does, with his other hand he takes the rose petal and strokes it along the shaft of his cock he closes his eyes leans his head back and thinks of the dream. Will on his knees, those soft lips parted and that hot, wet mouth filled with his cock, those gagging noises, the combined sensation of the scrape of Will’s tongue and the sodden rose petal. The sound of Will’s voice calling him ‘Daddy’, his own aroused utterance of ‘omega’. He picks up the pace with his hand before his mind can allow any intrusive thoughts about what he is doing to ruin the moment.

His knot is forming now and he imagines obscenely pushing it into Will's mouth, how that would feel. He imagines Will choking and spluttering but also moaning and wanting. His own personal omega, his to do as he wants with, to worship, to touch, stroke, to fuck. It makes every atom of Hannibal's body ache with desire until he eventually comes hard on his hand. He looks down at the now ruined rose petal, his cum everywhere and groans. This really needs to stop.

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The lecture hall is half full when he gets there and he is grateful for the distraction of the voices and people. Matthew Brown is talking to some of the students so he has a moment to find his bearings at his desk which he is appreciative of. Sitting down at the desk he opens his briefcase and removes his notes reviewing them. The words on the pages are a blur though because he can feel that gaze on him even before he manages to look up and see Will Graham sat in the corner at the top of the seating bank same place as last time. He is smirking at Hannibal and even has the audacity to raise an eyebrow at him. Hannibal manages a stern look and then continues to pretend to read his notes studiously avoiding Will Graham's infuriating gaze.

"Professor?" Matthew Brown has made his way over and is looking concerned. "Is everything alright?"

Hannibal looks up at Matthew Brown and sighs "yes, perfectly fine Matthew." He thinks about asking Matthew if he was in Hannibal's office and perhaps left it open but then he would have to explain why he was asking. The rest of the class are filing in now anyway so Hannibal stands walks around to the front of the desk and waits for them to take thier seats. He really wants to get started so he can finish. So he can talk to Mr Graham afterwards. He needs to stop this.

He goes through the lecture on autopilot not remembering most of it afterwards. What he does remember though is Will Graham's eyes on him. They never leave him throughout the whole hour. It feels as if there is a beam of light burning him up, he swears he can smell the omega too although that would be unlikely in the sea of students. Eventually the lecture is over and the students begin to file out. This process seems to take an age and he wishes they would all get a move on. Matthew too is faffing about with the projector until Hannibal gives him an errand to do and says he will take it back to the office. Brown finally leaves and Hannibal closes the door behind him and turns to meet that gaze from the back of the lecture hall.

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“Something you wanted Professor?” Will smirks again as he says this, a challenge to Hannibal.

“I think you know why I have asked you to stay behind.” Hannibal is being purposefully vague just to see what Will’s reaction will be. He has no idea how but he is sure that dream was shared between them. He is sure that Will broke into his office and left that rose petal for him to find. Hannibal needs to squash this now before the thought of what a shared dream means fully forms in his head.

“I am not sure what you mean.” Will has decided to be evasive and flirtatious which does not surprise Hannibal who sighs obviously.

“Mr Graham did you break into my office this morning and leave something on my desk?” Hannibal asks and watches as Will does now look a little nervous perhaps not expecting Hannibal to be so forward. He actually looks down at his feet, Hannibal can see the start of a blush which looks far too delectable on such pale skin.

“On your desk?” Will mumbles and looks up at Hannibal through his eyelashes as Hannibal tries not to remember the dream.

“Yes.” Hannibal tries to meet Will’s eyes again. “A rose petal.”

Will smiles wide and looks up at Hannibal “a rose petal? Why would I leave you a rose petal?”

Hannibal is trying not to be enamoured with this innocent performance and the now almost dark pink blush on Will’s skin but it is very hard. “I think you know the answer to that question too.”

Will looks away and bites his bottom lip and Hannibal has to suppress a moan at the sight. “I am not sure what you mean.”

“Mr Graham.” Hannibal’s tone is firm and it makes Will look at him again. “We can be honest there is no one else here. It’s okay, we shared a dream, it happens but it cannot happen again and it does not mean anything.”

Will takes a small step closer to Hannibal “a dream?”

Hannibal sighs, “yes Mr Graham, a dream, last night.”

Will is smiling broadly now “what did we dream Professor...or should I say daddy?”

Hannibal almost loses all composure hearing that word from Will’s lips but manages to keep it together. “Professor will be fine.”

“Are you sure?” Will has managed to inch closer to him again.

“Quite sure.” Hannibal reiterates. “This must stop immediately.”

“Have you ever had a shared dream before?” Will asks and Hannibal can feel his breath on his skin and its making him want to kiss Will.

“That is not your concern.” Hannibal’s voice has gone soft and low and he knows he should step away but somehow he can’t.

“You know what it means though?” Will’s hand twitches as if he wants to reach up and touch Hannibal but he doesn’t instead he looks down and then takes a step back moving to walk up to the projector screen behind Hannibal, who turns his head to follow him.

“What it *can* mean? Yes.” Hannibal admits because he knows that it can mean a soul bond but that is not for certain and he is also sure if he nips this in the bud now that will not be the case. Mr Graham is not only his student but also far too young for him and he has no intention of ending up like Chilton - an ageing lothario chasing omegas half his age.

Will laughs and leans his head back and Hannibal tries not to be distracted by his neck, he then looks over his shoulder at Hannibal. “You do not think we could be? Or is that you do want us to be?”

Hannibal frowns and looks down at his feet, he clasps his hands together and thinks about how to put this, how to let this omega down gently. He has no intention of hurting him. “It is irrelevant Mr Graham, any relationship between us must stay strictly professional.”

Will smiles, turns and walks back to Hannibal standing in front of him to face him. “Is it just me?” Hannibal looks up and raises a questioning eyebrow. “Is it a general kink or just me?”

“Excuse me?” Hannibal is irritated now he is trying to be nice and all he is getting is insolence back.

“The Daddy thing.” Will says face completely serious. “Was it just part of the fantasy or is it something you have indulged in before?”

Hannibal stands now and takes a step closer to Will trying to exude as much alpha authoritarian energy as he can. “That is none of your business Mr Graham. It is also not clear that was *my* part of the dream.”

Will smirks “true, it was me that brought it up, so to speak.”

“Mr Graham you are on thin ice here. I am willing to overlook the breaking into my office if we can agree that we need to end this right now.” Hannibal’s usual intimidation does not seem to be working on Will.

“I never said I broke into your office and you have no proof.” Will dips his head and whispers “unless you still have rose petal?”

“No I do not.” Hannibal does not mention the reason why but he can tell Will knows as that smirk is back.

“Hmmm so what exactly is the plan Professor?” Will asks lifting his head up slightly in a defiant manner.

“As I have said nothing can happen between us so I suggest we both move on.” Hannibal doesn’t sound convincing even to himself but he holds his ground nonetheless.

“So I just want to clarify that you think we had a shared dream somehow involving a rose petal and you think I then broke into your office and left one?” Will’s faux innocent act is far more attractive than Hannibal wishes it were. “How exactly do you know it was left by me?”

Hannibal sighs now “again you know the answer to that.”

Will takes a step closer to Hannibal, invading his personal space now “indulge me and tell me... *Daddy.”* At these whispered words Hannibal cannot help but close his eyes for a moment as a small moan is released from his lips.

“Mr Graham.” Hannibal manages. “Please stop this.”

There is a moment between them as Will stands impossibly close to Hannibal who still has not opened his eyes because if he does he is sure he will not be able to control himself. The silence seems longer than it actually is before Will eventually takes a step back and Hannibal releases a long held breath and opens his eyes. Will smiles. “See you in our dreams then.” He says leaving the room before Hannibal can figure out how to respond.

Chapter End Notes

comments are the way Will smirks at Hannibal and kudos is the gasp Hannibal gives when he finds that rose petal...

more soon....

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will takes a step back from the couch and looks at it frowning. “You fucked him. Here. How many times?” Will looks up at Hannibal with fire in his eyes “did you think of me Daddy?” Will drops the rose now on the floor a gesture meant to annoy.

Hannibal knows Will has no right to be upset and he has no reason to feel bad and yet he does, he feels a stab of guilt and shame that he cannot shake as he meets Will’s eyes that look on the verge of being murderous. “Will.” Hannibal walks around the couch so he is stood next to Will, he bends down and picks up the rose bringing it to his nose he inhales the sweet scent he is fast beginning to associate with Will. “It is none of your business who I spend my time with.” Hannibal speaks softly but he knows that if he knew Will had seen someone else he would be as equally enraged. Even though he has no right to be. Technically they haven’t even kissed.

Will moves so he is stood in front of Hannibal leaning against the back of the couch “did you? Think of me?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dean Du Maurier is an elegant Alpha female who really is the only person in the university for whom Hannibal has any respect. She is always unflinchingly honest, a quality he appreciates immensely surrounded as he is by so much obsequiousness. They are meeting at the Professors club as they have not yet had a chance to meet this term, mostly because she cried off meeting with Chilton at the start of term not that he can blame her. Chilton’s usual ‘charm’ tends to go into overdrive around Bedelia and it is more than a little irksome.

Hannibal has ordered red wine which he knows she will appreciate. She generally drinks more than she should, however she still makes a point of only drinking the good stuff. A quality he appreciates. “So how is the new term shaping up for you?” She asks as they are now happily ensconced in a private booth.

Hannibal smiles and smells his wine before taking a sip humming in approval. “I would say good so far.” He tries not to think about Will and their last encounter. He has been both profoundly disappointed and relieved to have had no more shared dreams with Mr Graham, however most of his waking moments still seem to be haunted by the omega and no amount of booty calls with Anthony Dimmond seem to be making any of it better.

Bedelia does not miss the slight frown on Hannibal's face as he answers. "I heard you have been spending time with Dimmond." Hannibal is a taken a little aghast by that but recovers quickly. He had called Dimmond once more since they fucked in his lounge, Hannibal hoping it would help but of course it hadn't. Bedelia always know everything that is going on but is always absolutely discreet, except when it comes to Chilton who she deems as so indiscreet that he practically begs to be gossiped about. "I have known Dimmond a while, he mentioned you called, that is all he said. I just assumed the rest." Bedelia says with a smile. "I was surprised he is not your usual type."

"What would my usual type be?" Hannibal responds, his dodging of the question being all the answer Bedelia needs.

She laughs at his response "well I suppose I am not sure now that I think on it. You have never been forthcoming with any relationships you have had."

"A lifelong bachelor." Hannibal clarifies as he knows this is what most people think of him and it is not far from the truth. Will Graham is an anomaly, one he is trying to put behind him.

"I hope not Hannibal you deserve to be happy." Bedelia takes another sip of her wine before elegantly placing the glass down and leaning slightly forward. "Anthony likes you. He knows of course where he stands with you but he also mentioned you were perhaps a little preoccupied, he expressed concern. Now that I see you I can sense the same." Hannibal sighs and decides then and there not to call Dimmond again. Bedelia senses the thought and shakes her head "he was not indiscreet Hannibal I promise. It is only because I know you as well as I do that I realised. Please call him again if you like."

"It was a moment of weakness I doubt it shall be repeated, I would not want him getting...attached." Hannibal does not need the complication in his life.

"You were lonely Hannibal, we all get lonely and Anthony could be good for you. Diverting at least." She worries for him all alone in that big house, he is in his prime he should be having much more fun than he is. "Is there something else bothering you?"

Hannibal takes another large sip of wine as he had been debating about bringing this up but Bedelia is an expert in her field and knows more about omegas and bonding than he does. "Actually I did have a question, unrelated to my personal life you understand." Hannibal is aware he sounds like a

teenage girl ‘asking for a friend’ right now but he also trusts Bedelia to keep his confidence and play along for the sake of his pride.

“Of course, please anything I can help with.” She responds watching Hannibal with interest.

He takes a deep breath “have you ever experienced a shared dream?”

Bedelia was honestly not expecting this question from Hannibal and is momentarily surprised. She thinks about what she knows on the subject in order to answer him. “I have not personally, but I have read a few papers on the subject. There are not many as it a rare phenomena and largely debunked as romanticism but their are few who are adamant it is is possible.”

“So there are case studies?” Hannibal asks interested maybe he can figure a way out of this should it happen again.

“Yes, a few. I can send you the ones I know of.” Bedelia responds. “From what I can remember they usually occur between pure bred Alpha’s and pure bred Omega’s indicating a soul bond, if you believe in those.” Bedelia herself is on the fence regarding soul bonds, she has never known anyone with one, there are many apparent cases of them but if she is honest the science is a little sketchy. Never one to describe herself as a romantic she had mostly taken them with a pinch of salt, as difficult to prove as love at first sight. “Why do you ask?” She cannot imagine this has anything to do with Dimmond.

“It is something I stumbled upon recently and wondered if you had any experience of it.” Hannibal responds suitably vaguely.

She eyes him and tries to read him, but as well as she does know him he is still notoriously difficult to gauge. “This cannot have anything to do with Dimmond?” Hannibal laughs at that and shakes his head. “Have you met someone?” Hannibal pauses just long enough for Bedelia to take that as a yes. “Who is it? Did you experience a shared dream?”

Hannibal shakes his head “it is not clear what I experienced. I am not sure it was anything more than just a dream. There is certainly no one new in my life Bedelia.”

She purses her lips and frowns as she knows he is lying she just cannot figure out why? This person must be someone he doesn't want her knowing about, is he embarrassed? She smiles and laughs “please tell me it is not one of your students?”

“Of course not Bedelia! I am not Chilton!” Luckily he is very adept at lying when he needs to.

She smiles and shakes her head unsure why the thought popped into her head. Hannibal of all people would never be so stupid as to get involved with a student. “Apologies of course you would never to be so ridiculous.”

Hannibal hides the wince he feels at that “no, no I just wondered about it. An interesting occurrence.”

“Indeed.” Bedelia agrees and she knows she is not going to get anymore out of him so decides to help as much as she can. “I will send the studies to you. As I say it is closely associated with soul bonds but how it would work is unknown. I would think it would be hard to know who is dreaming what and who is ultimately in control of the experience. It has been compared to lucid dreaming of which there is great deal of research into however most of it pseudo science.”

“Lucid dreaming?” Hannibal had heard of this and dismissed it. “The ability to control dreams?”

Bedelia nods “Yes a lot of people claim with practice they can achieve it but again the science behind it is sketchy.” Bedelia had a few books on dream analysis that mentioned it but she had dismissed the idea as unlikely.

“Yes I suppose the two would be connected.” Hannibal admits, he should have thought of that but then Will has got him so distracted he is not at the top of his game.

“I guess in a shared dream you would both be lucid dreaming through some kind of psychic

link.” Bedelia takes another sip of her wine “if you believe in that kind of thing.”

“The cases you have read, are these couples who are already bonded? Both practiced lucid dreamers, is this a skill they purposefully acquired over time?” Hannibal thinks it would make sense through a bond which is a proven physiological link, both parties aware of the others

emotions, pain and pleasure, a shared mind. He and Will are not bonded they barely know each other.

Bedelia thinks for a moment "yes I think some perhaps were bonded and you are right that would account for the connection certainly but if you are talking about unbonded couples or strangers then I think we are in unknown territory." Hannibal certainly feels he is unknown territory. "If you can tell me more about the experience I can cross reference it."

Hannibal smiles and thinks *nice try* "I am sure I can look into it myself. Honestly it is more a passing interest than anything else, nothing to be concerned about."

"You know you can talk to me anytime you need to Hannibal and it will not go any further." She reminds him.

"I do know that and thank you." Hannibal is hoping that he will not need to worry about this for much longer. He is sure he will go to bed tonight and not find Will Graham in his dreams. As the thought crosses his mind he tries to ignore the rather disappointed ache in his stomach, the same one he has woken up with these last few nights.

Bedelia smiles knowing she is defeated. She notices the melancholic look briefly cross Hannibal's face and decides to try and lighten the mood. "Now tell me about Dimmond! What was he like?!" She laughs and Hannibal cannot help but roll his eyes and laugh too, Bedelia can be incorrigible sometimes.

"A distraction nothing more." Hannibal smiles.

"A good one though?" Bedelia pushes.

"Indeed, feel free to find out for yourself." Hannibal smirks and she laughs.

***

"This needs to stop Mr Graham." Hannibal says but they both know he does not mean it.

Will smirks that wonderful smirk again as he trails a single red rose along Hannibal's couch. The very couch Hannibal had fucked Anthony Dimmond over only a few nights ago. Hannibal frowns at the thought. He looks up at Hannibal with those large, beautiful eyes. "I think in here you can call me Will or omega."

Hannibal sighs and decides Will is the lesser of two evils. "Will, it needs to stop, you need to leave."

Will smiles looks down at the couch as if he had read Hannibal's thoughts about Dimmond and then looks up at Hannibal again. "You could leave."

"I am trying." Hannibal is trying to leave but he also knows probably not with that much resolve.

Will stops trailing the rose and looks up at Hannibal "who is Anthony?"

Hannibal frowns and sighs again. "No one you need to be concerned about."

Will takes a step back from the couch and looks at it frowning. "You fucked him. Here. How many times?" Will looks up at Hannibal with fire in his eyes "did you think of me Daddy?" Will drops the rose now on the floor a gesture meant to annoy.

Hannibal knows Will has no right to be upset and he has no reason to feel bad and yet he does, he feels a stab of guilt and shame that he cannot shake as he meets Will's eyes that look on the verge of being murderous. "Will." Hannibal walks around the couch so he is stood next to Will, he bends down and picks up the rose bringing it to his nose he inhales the sweet scent he is fast beginning to associate with Will. "It is none of your business who I spend my time with." Hannibal speaks softly but he knows that if he knew Will had seen someone else he would be as equally enraged. Even though he has no right to be. Technically they haven't even kissed.

Will moves so he is stood in front of Hannibal leaning against the back of the couch "did you? Think of me?"

Hannibal closes his eyes in frustration because here in this shared dream it is even harder to keep his composure. "What if I did?" Will laughs then and it makes Hannibal open his eyes, he cannot help but lift the rose up to Will's face stroking the soft skin with the flower. He knows this is not real but it feels so real. "What would you do about it? Your Daddy fucking another omega while he thought of doing the same to you."

Will purses his lips "I would want you to do the same to me. I would be better for you."

Hannibal moans at that and thinks about kissing Will but decides against it. He moves away from him and shakes his head still holding the rose. "This needs to stop."

"You keep saying that." Will is staying by the couch leaning against the back of it watching Hannibal who has turned his back on Will for the moment. "Where are we? Is this your house?"

"It is my lounge yes." Hannibal responds as he turns to look at Will.

Will looks around and smiles "it's nice. Very *you* ."

"What do you mean by that?" Hannibal is irritated now, perhaps if he focused on these aspects of Will his mind would be less drawn to him.

Will laughs and it makes Hannibal want to devour him. *Not helping,* he thinks.

"Just that it is very dramatic." Will laughs again and leans back on the couch arching his neck.

Hannibal licks his lips and unconsciously takes a step closer. "I am not dramatic."

Will rolls his eyes. "Why don't you take me now? Why don't you show me how you fucked that omega?"

Hannibal almost groans but manages to stop himself "because this is a dream."

Will grins then “you would rather do it for real? This is real for us.” Will stands up straight and moves closer reaching his hand up to touch Hannibal’s tie fingers grasp the knot “think about it, you could just bend me over, just like you did him, have your way with me.”

“Now who is being dramatic.” Hannibal replies but he cannot help but smile as Will leans his body against Hannibal’s.

“Daddy, please.” Will almost whines as he looks up at Hannibal. “I want you to.”

“We are not doing this.” Hannibal responds and tries to will his body to wake up. “You are my student.”

“Not here.” Will whispers as he pulls at Hannibal’s tie. “Here I am just a willing figment of your imagination. You could do anything to me. You want to.” Will’s other hand slips between them and covers Hannibal’s crotch which is rising to the occasion and he groans as Will applies a bit of pressure. “I can feel you do.”

“Omega.” Hannibal whispers and closes his eyes as Will smiles because he knows he has won.

“Yes.” Will responds waiting for Hannibal to open his eyes and look at him.

Hannibal eventually does open his eyes and sees Will looking up at him with lust in his eyes and he groans. Slowly Will takes a step back, he removes his shoes then undoes his jeans pushing them down to the floor he steps out of them, all while not breaking Hannibal’s gaze. He steps back until he hits the back of the couch and turns around leaning over the back he looks back over his shoulder and smiles “like this? Is this how he was?”

Taking in the sight of Will in just a t shirt, boxers and socks, long pale legs, perfect ass, Hannibal moans and closes the distance between them in a few paces, quickly undoing his trousers and underwear dropping both to the floor. He runs the flower of the rose along the warm skin just above the waistband of Will’s boxers. “He was not as beautiful as you, not as soft.”

Will hums his approval as he can feel Hannibal's erect cock against the thin fabric of his boxers. "He won't feel as good as me. Did he call you Daddy too?"

Hannibal growls at that and lowers Will's boxers so they are below his ass stroking the rose down the curve. He then holds the rose up in one hand and picks off a single petal with the other hand, he smiles. He runs the petal down Will's ass and finds his slick hole dipping it inside of Will who whimpers at the touch. "This is what you did for me?" Hannibal pushes the petal against the soft walls of Will. "I could smell you straight away."

Will leans back into the touch so that Hannibal's finger slips further in. "Yes." Will breathes as he closes his eyes remembering that night when he touched himself "I thought only of you Daddy."

Hannibal moans as he brings the rose petal out of Will it is sodden and sticks to his finger, he can smell Will everywhere, his scent now thick in the air. He smells the petal with a deep shuddering breath. "He did not smell as good as you." Will can feel the now damp rose petal being moved over his ass and then placed on the small of his back. Hannibal places his finger back inside Will. "He was not as tight as you, or as wet." Will looks over his shoulder as Hannibal removes his finger bringing it up to his mouth he licks Will's slick from his finger. "He did not taste as good either. No he didn't call me Daddy that's just for you."

Will moans then as yet more slick runs down his legs "please Daddy, show me how you fucked him!"

Hannibal smiles and then grasps Will's hips in his hands, rose held against Will's skin so hard he can feel the thorns dig in maybe drawing a small bead of blood. Hannibal harshly enters Will who is painfully shocked at first but then moans in pleasure as he is filled completely. "Ah! Yes Daddy!"

Hannibal is just as harsh as he was with Anthony but this feel so much better, this feels so right it makes Hannibal loose all control as he fucks Will with all his desire. Will's cries and moans of pleasure are music to Hannibal's ears. Hannibal knows he will not last long like this with Will bucking up against him and shouting out "Daddy!" with every thrust, he can feel his knot swelling. Will can feel it too against his hole and he wants it, he needs it.

"Knot me, please Daddy!" Will shouts and Hannibal cannot stop himself with one final harsh thrust he pushes his knot inside Will who screams as Hannibal grabs his hair and pulls him up flush against him keeping him there with a strong arm across his chest. The rose still in Hannibal's hand against Will's chest, the mingling scents of Will, Hannibal and the fragrant rose fill the room.

“Is this what you wanted omega?” Hannibal whispers harshly as he places a kiss on Will’s neck before coming with a long low moan.

“Yes, Daddy! Yes!” Will shouts with abandon as he too comes untouched watching as his cum stains the back of Hannibal’s expensive couch. “Yes!”

Hannibal wakes up with a start and throws the covers back, *another wet dream! This really needs to stop!*

Chapter End Notes

comments are the damp rose petal stuck on Will's back, kudos is the smirk on Bedelia's face when she knows Hannibal is lying

More soon xx

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> “You are beautiful but I suspect you know that.” Hannibal whispers and Will laughs softly.
>
> “I like to hear you say it.” Will replies eyes fixed on Hannibal’s. “This is where you say we should stop this.”
>
> Hannibal smiles “I cannot quite bring myself to after witnessing such a wonderful sight.”
>
> Will can feel Hannibal’s cock hard against his leg and rubs up against it slightly “what about you?”
>
> Hannibal brings a hand to Will’s hair and brushes his fingers through it he smiles “I think this dream is all about you.” Will leans into the soft touch of Hannibal’s hand in his hair and smiles. “What do you want?”
>
> Will almost looks bashful his eyes drawn to Hannibal’s lips “I want to kiss you.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next time Hannibal sees Chilton they are making their way to a faculty meeting, Chilton spots him from across the courtyard and waves excitedly. Hannibal frowns but for politeness sake waves back. He can see he is with the admissions director Miss Bloom, a lovely omegan female who he has always had a fondness for. She looks relieved when Hannibal makes his way over to them.

“Professor” Chilton greets him “it is good to see you I have not seen you since the beginning of the term, where have you been hiding?”

Hannibal smiles and turns his gaze to Alana “good morning Miss Bloom it is lovely to see you.”

She smiles and nods “and you Hannibal, how are you? As Chilton says we have not seen much of you.”

They all begin to walk across the courtyard “I have been busy with students, the usual.” Hannibal answers, he has been swimming at the end of most days to try and distract himself from Will Graham. After the last dream of fucking Will over the sofa he has managed to not dream about him

since. He has also managed to mostly avoid seeing him at lectures making sure he arrives once everyone is in the hall and leaves immediately afterwards. He is hoping this whole situation was a strange anomaly.

"I find that hard to believe." Chilton laughs "you are never as busy in the first term as you have been, do you have another book about to explode?"

Hannibal laughs at that "no, you are safe for now Chilton, just the usual keeping me busy."

Alana smiles as she knows that Hannibal's book put a serious spanner in the works for Chilton. A fact she could not help but get a perverse pleasure from she has to admit. "Well as long as you are not working too hard Hannibal you need some time off." Alana says as she looks up at him, he looks tired. "You look a little tired. Are you sleeping alright?"

Hannibal manages to maintain his composure enough to answer her. "Yes thank you Alana I am just perhaps a little preoccupied."

"What has got you so preoccupied Hannibal?" Chilton says as Hannibal imagines his ears pricking up like a dog hearing the word 'treat' "do tell!"

"Nothing of interest I can assure you." Hannibal lies smoothly.

"Hmm as closed lipped as ever." Chilton says knowing he will never get anything out of Hannibal he changes tact as they reach the entrance to the building where the meeting is taking place.
Hannibal opens the door for Alana who thanks him, she is followed by Chilton and then Hannibal. "Well I was hoping to see you anyway to ask you if you have encountered Mr Graham yet?" Even Alana at the mention of his name has a slight smile creep across her lips, which does not go unnoticed by either of Chilton or Hannibal. "I see you have Alana!"

She ducks her head in a blush "well yes I was there when he was interviewed obviously."

"What about you Hannibal he is in your class is he not?" Chilton smiles.

“Yes I believe he is. Why?” Hannibal is attempting nonchalance but inside he is beginning to seeth.

“Pretty little thing isn’t he?” Chilton says and Hannibal really has to restrain himself from violence. “Something of a genius too apparently.”

“Yes, very much so.” Alana adds. “Very intelligent, interesting young man.”

Chilton throws his head back and laughs “oh please! Interesting indeed! He is a quite the specimen you must have noticed?!”

“I do not make it a habit to objectify my students Professor, I suggest you refrain from it as well.” Hannibal manages as he increases his pace in order to distance himself from this conversation.

“Oh don’t be so prim Hannibal! I am only saying! You would have to be blind not to notice!” Chilton says as he hurries to catch up.

Alana manages to walk next to Hannibal so Chilton has to walk behind them, she leans in and whispers to Hannibal “he is incorrigible I know.”

Hannibal nods and is relieved to have Alana’s soothing presence so close to him.

“I am only saying what you are both thinking.” Chilton mutters.

Hannibal stops and turns looking at Chilton dead on “I would keep those thoughts to yourself.” He turns and walks away entering the meeting room where the Dean is already waiting, talking to other members of the department.

Bedelia makes her way over to Hannibal and Alana. “Morning Hannibal and Alana how are you both?” Bedelia says as she notices the side long glare Hannibal gives Chilton as he enters just after them making a bee line over to another Professor, taking the hint that Hannibal was less than desirous of his company. “Chilton his usual charming self I see?” Bedelia smiles.

Alana briefly glances over to him and frowns “indeed, he really does have a habit of being tiresome alarmingly quickly.”

Hannibal nods “yes, that he does. Apologies for my behaviour Alana I guess it is harder to stomach the dear Professor Chilton this early in the day.”

Bedelia eyes him and sees he looks tired “still having trouble sleeping Professor?” She asks innocently.

“I thought you looked tired, have you been suffering Hannibal?” Alana asks worried now which makes Hannibal irritated if anything he does not like to be worried about. “What is the problem? Anything I can help with?”

“Yes Hannibal have you managed to figure out what was keeping you awake?” Bedelia asks with a barely concealed smirk.

“I appreciate the concern from you both” Hannibal says through gritted teeth “but I assure everything is fine.”

Alana looks a little crestfallen and makes her way over to the tea and coffee stand, Hannibal feels a little bad but dismisses it. “Did you manage to read any of the studies I sent over?” Bedelia asks. “Any more strange dreams?”

He had indeed received the studies from Bedelia and had poured over them as well as anything he could find about lucid dreaming. None of it had been particularly useful. The cases were circumstantial and anecdotal at best. The majority of people who claimed to have experienced a shared dream were already bonded couples, a side effect of the physical bond. Scans of the brain chemistry of the pairs showed a similar rem sleep pattern in their brain waves, but it was basically impossible to prove. There has been some unsubstantiated claims of it happening between unbonded pairs but nothing conclusive. All of it had left Hannibal feeling even more at sea than before.

“Hannibal?” He hears Bedelia say his name rousing him out of his revelry. “I said any more strange dreams?”

“Apologies my mind is wandering this morning. No, no more strange dreams.” Not strange no, wonderful, utterly distracting but not strange.

“Something has you distracted though. I wish you would tell me.”

I am sure you do, Hannibal thinks but does not say. He gently touches her arm and smiles “I assure you I am fine Bedelia. Now let me get some coffee before Chilton starts.” Hannibal says and makes his way over to the table to join Alana, leaving Bedelia feeling even more intrigued.

***

Hannibal stands in the shadows of his bedroom, he is sure that Will does not know he is there or at least he is too enraptured in what he is doing to notice. Walking around the outskirts of the bed in relative darkness he watches the scene unfold in front of his eyes. His bed is there, exactly how he always has it, but it is not empty, there are rose petals strewn across the sheets, Will is in under the covers in the middle of the bed, the sheets pushed down to just below his chest where one of his hands disappears underneath them. The other hand is pinching his nipple and scraping down his chest. His neck arches back as his lips part in breathy little moans.

Will’s hand is clearly on his cock, stroking as he bucks his hips up, perhaps alternating between his cock and his leaking hole. Hannibal is not sure and he longs to know exactly what Will is doing to himself to cause such pleasure. The sheets slip down slightly more after a particularly enthusiastic thrust to reveal a slither of hip bone. Hannibal longs to reach out and pull those sheets down further. Will is moaning with abandon now as his other hand then slips beneath the sheet too. Now he is pleasuring himself with both hands as his back arches up and that neck,that glorious expanse of pale skin, is stretched and taught.

Hannibal moves slightly closer so he can smell Will’s arousal now in the air and it makes him fight against moaning himself. Will has his eyes closed lost to his own ecstasy when he calls out “daddy, yes, please, yes daddy!” The thought that Will is thinking about him while doing this to himself is impossibly arousing and makes Hannibal whine. Entranced as Will continues to writhe and moan in front of him, those rose petals looks so dark against his skin Hannibal wants to place them on his chest, across his nipples and down. “Please, Daddy, please!”

Unable to resist a moment longer Hannibal, also naked, steps into the light and joins Will on the bed he moves the sheets down so he can see Will's hand on his cock and the other one fingering himself. Slick is leaking and staining the sheets beneath him. Hannibal moans and lies beside Will on his side one hand supporting his head, with the other he picks up a rose petal and places it on Will's nipple applying a small amount of pressure so he can feel the nub under the velvet petal. Will moans and opens his eyes "Daddy, you are here." Will goes to remove his hands but Hannibal shakes his head.

"No, please continue." Hannibal whispers directly into Will's ear as he runs that rose petal across Will's chest to his other nipple and presses down.

"Oh Daddy, yes, please!" Will whines and continues pleasuring himself.

As Hannibal watches he idly traces the petal on Will's pale skin enjoying the contrast of colours. He is not sure how this shared dream works exactly, who is dreaming what and how Will experiences it but he is fast becoming addicted to the way it feels for himself. It is so intensely private, no one else in the world but them and their pleasure. His real life feels a million miles away and he has no need to get back to it, not while Will is here next to him warm and beautiful. All complications seem like a distant memory, a lie that cannot possibly be true. There is nowhere but here and now.

"Omega." Hannibal whispers and kisses Will's ear lobe. "Come for me, show me how much you want me."

Will speeds up his efforts, with the added sensation of Hannibal so close to him whispering in his ear, tracing patterns on his skin with a rose petal it does not take long until Will is coming with a loud scream of "Daddy!" Hannibal watches this wanton display and kisses Will's cheek softly. Once Will has come back to himself he turn his head to look at Hannibal who is still tracing a rose petal around his nipple and smiles. Hannibal watches as Will's chest rises up and down trying to catch his breath after the exhaustion of his orgasm.

"You are beautiful but I suspect you know that." Hannibal whispers and Will laughs softly.

"I like to hear you say it." Will replies eyes fixed on Hannibal's. "This is where you say we should stop this."

Hannibal smiles "I cannot quite bring myself to after witnessing such a wonderful sight."

Will can feel Hannibal's cock hard against his leg and rubs up against it slightly "what about you?"

Hannibal brings a hand to Will's hair and brushes his fingers through it he smiles "I think this dream is all about you." Will leans into the soft touch of Hannibal's hand in his hair and smiles. "What do you want?"

Will almost looks bashful his eyes drawn to Hannibal's lips "I want to kiss you."

Hannibal smiles and moves with more grace than Will thought possible so he is covering Will's body with his own. Will parts his legs to make room for him. They are so close now as Hannibal's hair falls down from his face and tickles Will's face. Will can feel Hannibal's breath on his skin like a whisper. "When I kiss you I want it to be real."

Will closes his eyes and moans "please?"

Hannibal smiles as Will finally opens his eyes "I will kiss you when we are ready. When we can be together in the real world. For now, though, this will have to suffice." He starts to kiss Will's neck, down to his collarbone making his way further down, kissing and biting each nipple making Will grip the sheets with his damp hands. Hannibal makes his way further until he reaches Will's thighs and kisses them gently before making his way to Will's hole. There is a such a gentle swipe of tongue across sensitive tissue that Will almost thinks he imagined it until there is a soft kiss, a gentle brushing of lips.

Taking his time, Hannibal kisses and sucks and licks inside him until Will is moaning and writhing once more, his cock hardening again. Hannibal then pushes a finger inside Will at the same time as he licks his folds. His other hand grasps the omega's cock and strokes it. The pace is torturously slow and Will is moaning and whining, bucking his hips against Hannibal's hands and mouth. He has never felt anything quite like this before he feels like he is being savoured and it is impossibly arousing. It might not be the kiss he wanted but so intimate as he is lost to the pleasure of it.

When Will comes Hannibal kisses his way back up Will's chest until he meets those eyes and he places a chaste kiss on his forehead. Will arches up and spreads his leg further apart, he pushes his hips up and encourages Hannibal to enter him. "Are you sure?" Hannibal whispers in awe of his insatiableness.

“Please if you won’t kiss me then give me your knot.” Will whines and pushes up so that the top of Hannibal’s cock is inside him. “Daddy.”

Hannibal moans and gives in he presses completely inside Will filling him up as Will wraps his legs around Hannibal’s waist. He thrusts a few times but he knows he will not last long so pushes his knot inside Will who is still so tight but takes it perfectly with a long wanton moan.

They stay locked together as Hannibal comes several times inside Will he kisses and bites at his neck while whispering sweet nothings into his skin. It feels like they are in the most perfect bubble of pleasure and neither of them want to wake up.

Hannibal does wake up though, cum soaked sheets beneath him, he sighs with frustration but a smile cannot help ghost his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are the sight of Will’s hipbone uncovered by silk sheets kudos are the little nub of Will’s nipple under a rose petal xxx

More soon xxx

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

"I am the first you have experienced it with?" Hannibal asks as Will sighs bored, he shifts so he is sitting up straddling Hannibal's lap. Hannibal reaches a hand up to Will's neck and brushes the skin, the sight of naked Will above him always breathtaking.

"Yes you are the first." Will admits in a sigh hoping to get on with more interesting matters soon, then a thought occurs to him making his skin prickle. "Am I yours? Or have you been dreaming with Anthony on the nights I have been studying?" Will's eyes are downcast he rests his hands on Hannibal's chest and pouts. "Or that Professor Chilton he is always looking at you." He has noticed Chilton hanging around the lecture hall and Hannibal's office always wanting to talk. It has made Will a little jealous he will admit.

Hannibal grasps Will's hips in both hands "you are the only one Will, you have spun me around and I honestly have no idea what to do with you."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They lie together in Hannibal's bed, Will drawing circles on Hannibal's chest, resting his head against the conclave of his shoulder, leg over his, feeling each others body heat. It was in some ways even more intimate than the times they had sex. "I have missed you these last few nights." Hannibal says kissing the top of Will's head who smiles and looks up at Hannibal.

"I was studying late, you shouldn't set such demanding coursework." Will laughs and kisses Hannibal's chest before resting his head once more. "I was too tired to dream."

"My apologies." Hannibal strokes a hand down Will's back feeling that warm, soft skin.

"I hope you have not seen Anthony again." Will says this softly but Hannibal can hear the hurt in his voice and winces at being the cause of it.

"No, that is over." Hannibal says and kisses Will's soft hair once more "Daddy promises."

Will nods and smiles "good."

There is a moment of silence between them as Will's hands slowly make their way lower on Hannibal's chest who closes his eyes and groans as he knows where those hands are going. Will smiles as his hand runs down soft chest hair, over the slight curve of Hannibal's stomach until they rest on a hip. "Have you ever had this with anyone else?" Hannibal asks before he becomes completely distracted by where Will's hand is inevitably going to travel and inevitably loses the ability to speak.

Will looks up at Hannibal "no, but my parents could that's how I knew what it was."

"So you admit to breaking into my office then?" Hannibal smirks.

Will laughs softly and looks up at Hannibal through his eyelashes moving his hand a little lower "am I in trouble Daddy?"

Hannibal all but moans at that, this omega really will be the death of him. "No more than usual. Your parents were soul bonds?"

Will grimaces a little he doesn't really want to have this conversation he would rather get to the good bit of the dream, he sighs as Hannibal looks at him expecting an answer. "My mother left when I was small and my Father never talked about it. I am not sure if they were." Will moves his hand lower so its resting on Hannibal's groin. "Mostly my Father warned me about getting too involved with shared dreams, they could be dangerous."

Hannibal smiles "I am realising that. I am the first you have experienced it with?" Hannibal asks as Will sighs bored, he shifts so he is sitting up straddling Hannibal's lap. Hannibal reaches a hand up to Will's neck and brushes the skin, the sight of naked Will above him always breathtaking.

"Yes you are the first." Will admits in a sigh hoping to get on with more interesting matters soon, then a thought occurs to him making his skin prickle. "Am I yours? Or have you been dreaming with Anthony on the nights I have been studying?" Will's eyes are downcast he rests his hands on Hannibal's chest and pouts. "Or that Professor Chilton he is always looking at you." He has noticed Chilton hanging around the lecture hall and Hannibal's office always wanting to talk. It has made Will a little jealous he will admit.

Hannibal grasps Will's hips in both hands "you are the only one Will, you have spun me around and I honestly have no idea what to do with you."

Will smiles and looks up "I do."

"I am sure you do." Hannibal responds as Will's hands run down Hannibal's chest making their way to his increasingly interested cock. "You know this is unsustainable."

Will pushes Hannibal's foreskin down and traces a finger along the shaft of Hannibal's cock "It is as sustainable as we want it be."

Hannibal moves one hand up to stroke Will's hair "I don't want you to throw away your career, your studies, you have so much potential Will. This between us I don't know how far it can go."

"Shh Daddy, let me make you feel good." Will lowers his head and shifts further down so he can kiss the top of Hannibal's cock. Hannibal is about to protest but then Will engulfs as much of Hannibal's cock in his mouth as he can and all thought leaves Hannibal's mind. Will can feel Hannibal's hands in his hair gripping the strands as he sucks and strokes his tongue along the shaft. Will steadies himself on Hannibal's thighs as he starts to thrust up into Will's mouth.

Those gagging, gasping sounds Will makes are going to be the end of Hannibal he is sure. The sight of those soft, pink lips as they slip up and down the shaft of his cock make Hannibal moan. He knows he should stop Will so they can talk, they need to talk to about this, but Will's plan to distract Hannibal with his mouth is working. Hannibal gives in and just allows himself to feel the wonderful pleasure of what Will is doing, here in this bubble nothing else seems to matter. When Hannibal comes, Will swallows as much of it as he can before kissing and licking up all the cum he missed. He kisses Hannibal's knot which has inevitably formed he loves the noises it draws from his Daddy.

"Will," Hannibal's voice is breathless and it makes Will smile "come back up here."

Hoping that Hannibal is finally going to kiss him he slowly makes his way up Hannibal's chest kissing a wet trail. Hannibal stops him just as he gets to his lips "no, not here when I kiss you it will be for real."

Will moans in protest “when?” Hannibal always leaves after his lectures and never stays so they can talk. “You are avoiding me everywhere but here.”

Hannibal strokes a hand through Will’s hair and places his other hand on Will’s hip softly grasping at the warm flesh. “I don’t want anyone to be suspicious.”

Will rolls his eyes and his hips which makes Hannibal groan “we must be able to meet somewhere soon?”

“We will I promise.” Hannibal has been thinking of options, of ways to spend some real time with Will. They have a break in a few weeks and he has been thinking about taking Will away.

“Do you think about kissing me?” Will asks his voice breathless. “I think about kissing you all the time. When you are talking in lectures its all I can think about. Watching your lips, I get hard just listening to you.” Will rolls his hips again and Hannibal can feel he is hard right now as well as invitingly warm and wet.

“My sweet boy I don’t know how not to think about you.” Hannibal admits before he can stop himself. Will smiles and lifts his hips so he can lower himself onto Hannibal’s still very hard cock, he takes him in completely stopping just before his knot.

“I wish you would kiss me.” Will whispers as he kisses the side of Hannibal’s neck and rolls his hips making Hannibal grip Will’s hips even harder as he arches his neck and closes his eyes in pleasure. “Do I feel good Daddy?”

“Ugh, yes my sweet boy you feel so good.” Hannibal moans as he thrusts up into Will. “You feel so good!”

“Tell me what you want to do when we meet for real.” Will whispers into Hannibal’s neck.

Hannibal can imagine it now, all the things he would do if he had Will in his bed for real. “I would take my time, I would kiss every inch of you.”

Will smiles and lowers himself further so he is partly taking Hannibal's knot, Hannibal can feel Will's muscles tight and accommodating around him, a tease of more. "Where would you kiss me?"

Hannibal moans as this edging is threatening to overcome him "everywhere, your soft skin, your wet tight hole, that beautiful cock of yours."

Will pushes down slightly more causing Hannibal to breathlessly whisper Will's name. "You would kiss my mouth though eventually, you would let me feels those lips against mine, promise me a kiss Daddy?"

Hannibal manages to open his eyes and move one hand to Will's hair pulling his head up so he can look him in his beautiful eyes "I will make you wait my omega but I will kiss you." Hannibal knows the moment they kiss it will be the beginning of a bond and he might never be able to break free from. He wants that moment to be real between them. He imagines kissing Will everywhere but his lips and making him moan and plead, orgasm after orgasm spilling from him under Hannibal's mouth. Then he would kiss him, soft and slow, making him whimper. Will smiles and pushes down with more force so he can take all of Hannibal's knot inside. "I will never stop kissing you." Hannibal moans and he means it.

When Hannibal wakes it is to a feeling utter bereft that Will is not still in his bed.

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Will is in the library, he is supposed to be studying, but he is finding it hard to concentrate. He stares out of the window, head resting on his hand eyes half closed daydreaming. He is sat at one of the small study alcoves which look out onto the big oak tree in the courtyard he has been here all afternoon not working. Everytime he tries to read something he can feels his vision start to blur and eyes want to close, all he wants to do is dream. He knows though there is little point as Hannibal will not be asleep now, it would just be a dream, a normal boring dream, not that wonderful shared ecstasy he craves. He has to wait until tonight where hopefully they can meet once more as he does not have a scheduled lecture for four more agonising days. Not that Hannibal talks to him then but at least Will can look at him, hear him, smell him.

There is harsh clap on his back and he turns around to see Beverly Katz's smiling face. "Away with the fairies Will?" She whispers and perches on the desk.

Will yawns “something like that.”

“You have not been getting enough sleep you look exhausted.” Bev says with concern. They live in the same small shared house just off campus, they were looking for someone else to fill the spare room but have had no luck. Though now they are so used to living with each other the idea of someone else would be an intrusion. The money would be nice though. “I hear you mumbling in your sleep at night.”

Will blushes because he really hopes that she has not heard too much. “What can you hear?”

Bev laughs and covers her mouth because she did not mean to be that loud “nothing I just hear you murmuring, or frashing about. You having bad dreams?”

Will smiles “no, just a restless sleeper.”

Bev eyes him with suspicion “hmm you are hiding something Will Graham! What have you been dreaming about or who?” She did not miss the way he blushed when she brought up his dreams.

“No-one, nothing.” Will whispers and stares out of the window attempting to hide his blush which he can feel is getting stronger by the second. “Just a lot on my mind with coursework.”

Bev smirks “yeah I can see you are working real hard staring out of the window.”

“Don’t you have work to do?” Will says hoping she will drop the subject.

“My question exactly, Miss Katz is it?” The voice is unmistakable and Will turns his head so fast he almost gets whiplash. “This is a library if you wish to gossip may I suggest the student union. Mr Graham working hard I see.” Hannibal very much enjoys the almost rose red blush now appearing on Will’s face, happy to have got the upper hand for once and surprised Will.

“Apologies Professor.” Bev stands up as she notices that Professor Lecter is not looking at her but only at Will, in fact he looks as if he is going to devour Will and Will looks as if he might burn up into flames if that blush gets any redder. The tension between them is palpable she might be a beta

but she knows attraction when she sees it and this seems like so much more than that. “I guess I will see you later then Will.” Bev says feeling the need to leave as Hannibal finally looks at her, his gaze intense and clear that he would prefer her to not be here.

“Yeah, see you later.” Will says and waves vaguely as Bev practically scarpers from the library.

“She is going to ask questions.” Will says finally turning in his chair to look up at Hannibal.

Hannibal smiles and takes a step closer into the alcove “what will you tell her? We have not done anything.”

Will smirks and raises an eyebrow “haven’t we?”

Hannibal looks around and sees they are alone, he lowers his head slightly “I didn’t want you to think I was avoiding you.” He whispers.

Will looks up at Hannibal “were you worried about me Daddy?”

Hearing that word from Will’s lips causes Hannibal to feel that upper hand disintegrate. “You seemed upset so I wanted to make sure you knew I was only avoiding you to not arouse suspicion. Are you alright?”

“Yes.” Will replies with a genuine smile. “Especially now you are here.” Will reaches up and tugs the knot of Hannibal’s tie bringing his face closer so their noses are almost touching.

“Will” Hannibal whispers a warning in his voice. “We must be careful.”

“You are the one who approached me.” Will reminds him and lets go Hannibal’s tie releasing him, Will sits back in his chair. “I was minding my own business Professor.”

Hannibal straightens up and checks again to see if anyone else is around. “I would hardly call gossiping loudly in a library minding your own business.”

Will laughs at that “again I’m so sorry Daddy.”

It is Hannibal’s turn to blush now as Will sits back and bares his neck rubbing a hand over his scent gland. Hannibal almost moans as the distinct scent of arousal reaches his nose. “Will.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Will whispers.

Hannibal closes his eyes and imagines grabbing this petulant boy, kissing him senseless against the desk, carrying him back to his bed and never allowing him to leave. Eventually Hannibal opens his eyes to Will’s self satisfied smirk. “Will I see you this evening?”

Will smiles “depends.”

“On what?” Hannibal asks his voice a breathless, aroused whisper.

“Whether Daddy is going let me get on with my work or keep distracting me.” Will says in a very hushed whisper.

Hannibal smiles “I shall leave you to get on with it then. Unless I can help in anyway?”

Will leans in closer “there are many ways you can help, we can explore them all later.”

Hannibal stifles a moan at that “you will be the death of me Will Graham.”

“It will be a very good death.” Will smiles and then turns around in his chair once more to get on with his work leaving Hannibal feeling bereft once again for a moment.

Hannibal takes one last look around before removing the single peach coloured rose he bought in the hope of finding Will from his pocket. He reaches out and strokes the soft petals gently along the

nape of Will’s neck before leaning in, whispering close to Will’s ear “later then omega.” He kisses the shell of Will’s ear before leaving the rose on Will’s open textbook.

Chapter End Notes

comments are how soft those rose petals feel against Will's neck and kudos are the way Will smirks when he makes Hannibal swoon.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

He goes to his room and locks the door behind him, he drops his bag on the floor and the holds the rose up to his nose once more inhaling the scent. It is a light scent almost non existent it smells like spring. He looks at it carefully, it is not like any other rose he has ever seen before, there are delicate folds upon folds of deeper peach tones all held together by a cupped paler peach petals. It looks almost obscene if it wasn't so beautiful, the colour so much like pale flesh it is an intimate gift and it takes Will's breath away just looking at it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the time Will gets back from the library he finds Bev in the kitchen making ramen noodles and drinking cheap white wine from a box. "Hey Bev." He says as puts his books down on the kitchen table.

"You want noodles?" She says spooning out some into a bowl he nods and he gets another bowl from the cupboard. This what they live off as most students but Bev's ability to spice it up and make it amazing is always welcomed by Will, she thanks her Father's ability in the kitchen. They go and sit down in the lounge to eat off their laps.

"So." Bev says as she watches Will shovel noodles into his mouth like he hasn't eaten all day which he probably hasn't. She often wonders what one earth he would do if he hadn't met her.

"So what?" Will pretends he doesn't know exactly what she is going to as after that encounter with Hannibal earlier in the library. He resists the urge to touch the back of his neck still feeling this soft rose petals on his skin. The rose still in his bag he smiles.

"Will, come on! What is going on with you and Professor Lecter!"

Will eats more noodles and shakes his head "I don't know what you mean, he is my Professor."

Bev rolls her eyes “oh please! He was looking at you like he wanted to eat you and you would have let him!”

Will laughs “I don’t know what you mean Bev he was just telling us off for talking.” Will is not looking her in the eye which is his usual mo but he is also actively looking at his noodles in the hope they might save him.

“I am not stupid Will, come on spill.” She is determined to find out what is going on. Will has always been a solitary creature as far as she knows she is his only friend and she has never seen him show interest in anyone. “Are you two involved somehow? Because that’s a dangerous game.”

Will shakes his head and laughs “no! He flirts with me a little I flirt a little back it’s just a alpha/omega thing. Nothing there promise.”

Bev frowns unconvinced the tension between them had seemed like a lot more than just flirting. “You can tell me Will, you know that right? It won’t go any further I am your friend.”

Will smiles, he places the bowl of noodles down on the floor and puts his hand on her knee and looks her in eye “I know that Bev and thank you. I am fine there is nothing to worry about.”

“Look I don’t know much about the whole Alpha and Omega thing but it seemed like it was more than just flirting. He seemed I don’t know...territorial about you.” She had felt in her bones she needed to leave that Professor Lecter was actively wanting to get Will alone the power of it was a little intimidating to say the least. Will has been acting strangely for the last week or two, distracted.

‘You are reading too much into it Bev.” Will removes his hand and picks up his noodles and begins to eat again.

“If he is harassing you, you would tell me right? There are people we can go to.” Bev had been a little worried that perhaps Lecter was getting a bit too much.

Will laughs again and shakes his head, *if only you knew,* he thinks. “No! He is not harassing me at all. We flirt a little which is probably not a good idea granted but its harmless. It can’t go anywhere he is my Professor after all.”

“It just seemed really intense that’s all.” Bev is still not sure what she witnessed but she gets the feeling Will is keeping something from her.

“He is an alpha they are always intense.”

“Hmmm. Maybe. It’s strange he sought you out at the library though.” To Bev it had felt like he was looking for Will.

“He didn’t seek me out he was just passing by and heard us talking. We were in the psychology section after all.”

“Yeah I guess. Are you sure there is nothing you want to tell me?” Bev asks one last time.

“Yes sure! Thanks for the noodles I want to get this assignment done and get an early night so I’ll see you later okay?” Will gets up and takes his bowl into the kitchen hoping to get to his room as quickly as possible. Bev follows him watching as he picks up his bag they both see the rose fall out.

Bev bends down and picks it up “what is this?”

“Nothing.” Will says trying be nonchalant. “I found it on the way home.”

Bev brings it to her nose and smells it then looks closely at it “you know what this is?”

“A rose.” Will says and holds his hand out for it.

Bev gives it back to him “that is a Juliet Rose it’s one of the most expensive roses in the world.”

Will looks at it again, he had no idea, “it is?”

“I think so yeah. There is no way you found that Will.” Bev is now sure Professor Lecter gave it to Will. “He gave it to you didn’t he?”

Will smells the rose again and feels the soft petals against his skin, the colour is unusual such a delicate peach, the petals do not look like a normal rose too close together. Its beautiful.

“Why would Professor Lecter give me a rose Bev? I told you I found it.” Will leaves the kitchen before she can ask any more questions.

He goes to his room and locks the door behind him, he drops his bag on the floor and the holds the rose up to his nose once more inhaling the scent. It is a light scent almost non existent it smells like spring. He looks at it carefully, it is not like any other rose he has ever seen before, there are delicate folds upon folds of deeper peach tones all held together by a cupped paler peach petals. It looks almost obscene if it wasn’t so beautiful, the colour so much like pale flesh it is an intimate gift and it takes Will’s breath away just looking at it.

Moving to his bed he lies down and smells the bloom again more deeply it is such a subtle scent it makes him think of spring days and sunshine. The folds of the bloom so delicate, the different tones of peach, he runs his finger along the top of the flower so soft, like the finest velvet. He gently drags the rose along his throat touching his scent gland he shivers with pleasure. Will imagines Hannibal running this rose along his skin, down his chest, across his nipples, slowly going lower he imagines it being brushed on the outside of his hole. He imagines those delicate folds soaked in his slick, his scent mingling with that of the rose. He moans out Daddy like a whisper and wishes for sleep.

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Hannibal waits in his office, he feels like some kind of lovesick teenager, checking his watch every five minutes. He sighs. Will is late and Hannibal is beginning to give up all hope when the door is opened and Will walks through. He gently closes and locks the door after him which earns a smirk from Hannibal before turning around to face Hannibal who is still sat at his desk chair.

“You are late.” Hannibal says in a flat tone with a ghost of a smile.

Will smiles at that and walks to the end of the seminar table closest to Hannibal’s desk and leans on the edge. “My apologies, daddy.” Will says with a slight bitterness in his voice that makes Hannibal feel worry. “Why are we meeting here and not in your bed?”

“I wanted to talk to you before getting… distracted.” Hannibal responds and he is glad he did because Will does not seem his usual self. “Is everything alright?” Hannibal asks genuinely concerned, he gets up from his chair and walks around to stand closer to Will. “What is wrong?” Hannibal almost adds a ‘my love’ but manages to stop himself.

Will takes a deep breath and meets Hannibal’s eyes defiant. “I don’t know what you are going to say.” Will admits, he feels as if his control is slipping a little, this venue is Hannibal’s choice not his and he feels a little off kilter, he does not want to talk, he knows where talking leads to Hannibal saying they need to stop. “You are going to say we need to stop. That is what you always say when we talk, and that you won’t kiss me.”

Hannibal smiles and gently reaches a hand up to cup Will’s face as he meets those now glassy eyes, they look bluer today pale and fragile. “I think we have gone beyond goodbye.”

Will smiles and Hannibal gently leans in and presses a gentle chaste kiss to Will’s forehead. “What are we going to do?” Will asks Hannibal his voice is so small and desperate it makes Hannibal feel as if he is going to break into a million pieces.

“I don’t know.” Hannibal replies as he is not sure how they are going to navigate any of this.

Will leans into Hannibal’s hand that is still on his cheek “I hate waking up alone.”

Hannibal frowns because he hates waking up alone too “I know” he says as he strokes his hand down Will’s cheek gently running a finger down under the scarf Will is wearing to his scent gland, he applies a small amount of pressure and Will moans. Hannibal brings his other hand up and gently pulls Will’s scarf removing it, he places it on the table. Will is wearing a shirt with the first few buttons undone so Hannibal can now see the beautiful expanse of his neck, he runs his finger along and down to his collarbone feeling the warmth of him. Hannibal then leans in and places a chaste kiss against Will’s scent gland tasting it with his tongue.

“Thank you for the rose, Bev knew what it was I didn’t.” Will says in a whisper as he feels those soft lips curve into a smile on his neck. “It’s beautiful.”

“A juliet rose, one of the most expensive in the world. I would shower you with them if I could.” Hannibal says and he means it, Will blushes and thinks about his thoughts before he fell asleep. He

wants that, he wants Hannibal to explore his entire body just using a rose. "Is Bev suspicious of us?" Hannibal asks, he should care but right now with Will's scent, the warmth and softness of his skin so close he somehow doesn't.

"Yes a little but she won't say anything." Will says before taking one of Hannibal's hands bringing it down to his jeans, unbuttoning the fly and lowering the zip so Hannibal can slip his hand underneath. Will sighs with relief when he feels the warmth of that palm against his hardening cock and leaking hole. Will shifts his hips to encourage Hannibal's hand lower he needs those fingers inside him. Hannibal still kisses and nips at his neck as Will puts both his arms around Hannibal's neck.

"Can we go somewhere?" A finger slips inside Will so easily and they both gasp at how good it feels. "Just you and me, away from here?" Will just wants to be with Hannibal for real, out in the world together he longs to be kissed more anything in the world.

"Do you a place in mind?" Hannibal does not want to take the risk of them going to his house they might be seen. He moves his finger gently in and out curving slightly up which makes Will lean his head back briefly and Hannibal can see his scent gland raised and aching to be bitten.

Will lowers his head as Hannibal slips a second finger inside meeting Hannibal's brown almost red eyes looking at him with longing. "Anywhere. You could take me to some cheap motel fuck me on dirty sheets surrounded by thin walls." Will is moving his hips now fucking himself on Hannibal's fingers. "You could take me to luxury lay me on silk and sequester me away where no one would find me. I don't care."

Hannibal takes those words in and he can feel his chest ache at the thought of it all. He can see Will on his knees in a seedy hotel and it makes him grimace. He can see Will laid out for him on soft silk sheets naked and open, a creature to be worshipped. "Come away with me?" Hannibal curves his fingers up again stroking the intimate walls of Will feeling the heat and softness of him, that slick is almost molten now as it coats Hannibal's fingers leaking down the rest of his hand as he adds a third finger. Will moans with pleasure. "Let me feed you chocolate covered rose petals and champagne. Let me worship every inch of you taste every dip and curve of your skin." Hannibal imagines coating those petals with Will's slick, of watching him taste himself.

Will closes his eyes and breathes out a long moan before opening his eyes once more and smiling "where would we go?" he can feel he is close now his orgasm building that fire in his veins burning him.

Hannibal can feel Will is close so he snakes his other arm around Will's waist to keep him from falling down. He kisses his neck brushing his lips against Will's scent gland. "Paris. In a few weeks during the break." Hannibal looks up at Will head thrown back, his pale skin a beautiful blush from his impending orgasm. He is so beautiful like this as Hannibal holds him and pleasures him, he wants to do this forever. "Let me take you there and keep you in bed. Let me walk by the river with you just so I can find a dark corner to devour you. Let me take you?" Hannibal imagines having Will entirely to himself for a week and he moans at all the things they can do together, how it will feel to have him so close in reality not just in a dream.

Will can imagine it too, being in Hannibal's bed, his hands everywhere, feeling that knot inside him over and over again. He gasps and comes as a tear falls from his eye and he smiles and nods "yes, Daddy, please, yes."

Chapter End Notes

comments are the scent of the rose and kudos are the delicate colour xx

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

> “You got them? The roses?” Hannibal asks as Will is finally led in his bed, rose petals scattered on the sheets, beneath him he kisses his neck, marvelling at how soft his skin feels.
>
> Will strokes his hands through Hannibal’s hair and smiles “they were so beautiful Daddy.”
>
> “Not as beautiful as you.” Hannibal whispers as he begins to make his way down Will’s chest placing such soft kisses as he goes. “You will come away with me?”
>
> Will smiles and raises his hips slightly as Hannibal reaches his hip bone a swipe of a tongue and gentle kiss. “You mean it? You will kiss me in Paris?”
>
> Hannibal kisses a trail across Will’s lower stomach and looks up at him “I promise” he whispers as his hand hold onto to svelte hips, Will’s hands still in Hannibal’s hair “and I always keep my promises.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“A package arrived for you.” Bev says as Will enters the house, she is sat in the lounge watching some kind of crime drama while eating popcorn and drinking wine from a box again. Will dumps his bag on the floor and sits down next to Bev leaning his head on her shoulder and stealing a handful of popcorn.

“Hmm?” Will mumbles as he shoves the popcorn in his mouth.

“I said a package arrived for you. Have you been spending your student loan on internet shopping?” She smiles and laughs. “I put it in the kitchen.”

Will smiles as he thinks he knows who it might be from “no, probably just a care package from my Dad.”

“Maybe, didn’t have a new orleans stamp.” Bev had looked and it was very light to be a care package from Will’s dad which usually contained spices for cooking and old crimes novels he would send Will once he had finished them. “It was also very light.”

Will nicked another handful of popcorn “don’t know.”

Bev leans forward and grabs the remote and pauses the tv she turns and looks at Will who is now sat lopsided on the couch as she moved her shoulder. “You have no idea who is sending you packages?”

“No, maybe it’s something I ordered and forgot.” Will looks as innocent as he can and it is just making Bev frown.

“Then you won’t mind opening it in here.” Bev says looking at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Since when have you been so interested in my mail?” Will laughs back trying to remain nonchalant about this and almost certainly failing.

“Since you have started keeping secrets from me.” Bev is actually a little hurt as she thought her and Will told each other everything but he has been so distant with her lately. “You are hiding something, I am worried about you.”

Will sighs and sits up “Bev I am fine I keep telling you.”

“Where did you get that rose then?” Bev has been trying to get a straight answer out of Will ever since he came home with it and promptly locked himself in his room where he has been spending more and more time.

“I told you Bev I found it.” Will knows he is being completely unconvincing but he tries anyway.

‘You expect me to believe you found a juliet rose on the way home as if someone might have dropped one of the most expensive roses in the world on the street.” Bev knows Professor Lecter gave it to him it is the only explanation she just wants to know why.

“Yes because that is what happened.” Will flops back on the sofa and leans his head back closing his eyes. He really wishes she would drop this.

“Will.” Bev’s tone is firm and he opens his eyes and looks at her. “Tell me. I won’t tell anyone you can trust me.”

Will looks at her and he can feel his resolve softening and he wants to tell her, a part of him wants to talk to someone about what is happening, the other part of him wants it to remain private between him and Hannibal. He sighs “I can’t talk about it Bev.”

“There is something going on?” She looks even more worried now.

Will sits up and puts his hand on her leg “it is nothing you need to be concerned about I promise, it’s not what you think.”

Bev frowns “you know you can tell me though right? You can tell me anything.”

“Yes I know that Bev and when I can I will tell you okay?” That’s all he can promise her right now.

“Okay. The moment you need someone to talk to find me.” Bev looks at him with open, pleading eyes.

“I promise Bev.” He means it, she is the only person he would ever confide in anyway.

“Alright go and open your secret package then.” Bev laughs feeling a little better.

Will grins and practically runs to the kitchen to get the package. He takes it to his room but doesn’t lock the door as he trusts Bev to leave him alone now. Sat on his bed he holds the simple box wrapped in brown paper his address printed on a label with his full name. He smiles because he

can see why Bev was suspicious it is so obvious in its innocuousness that it screams its hiding something. Will still appreciates the effort.

He carefully rips the paper off, discarding it on the floor, which reveals a glossy white box closed with a deep red satin ribbon. On the box in gold script is written *Meilland.* Will gently pulls the ribbon untying the bow he opens the box and is immediately hit with a wonderful scent so rich and potent it makes Will hum he has never smelt anything like it before. Looking inside he sees a compact bouquet of different colored roses a little like the Juliet but more complex and the colours and so vivid. There is deep red with an almost gold centre, a pure white rose with so many folds held together with cupping petals, a deep pink rose that is so bright it makes Will smile, yellow and a beautiful apricot. So much colour and so much scent it is almost overwhelming. He carefully lifts the bouquet out of the box and he can see there is a label attached to it with the name Meilland written in that same logo he turns it over and can see the words 'for my sweet boy' hand written in calligraphy. Under the bouquet of roses there is a thick white envelope with his name written in the same sloping calligraphy. Will brings the roses to his nose once more and inhales the rich scent before carefully placing them on the bed.

The envelope is thick he turns it over and can see a deep red seal with the letter 'H' clear in the wax. He runs his finger over the seal with a smile before breaking it and opening the envelope. Pulling out the thick stack of papers. The first one is a letter which simply says "Dearest Will, may I request the honour of your company in Paris, all arrangements enclosed. I await your answer in our shared slumber. May these french roses inspire your decision they are hard grown by a french family who have dedicated generations to growing the perfect bloom. I promise you a kiss. All my love and admiration, Daddy."

Will smiles and then looks at the other papers, there are itineraries which include a car picking him up at his home, first class airline ticket, another car taking him to an address in Paris. Everything catered for, a note to say he doesn't need to take more than essentials and everything will be provided. He cannot quite believe this is happening. Placing the papers back in the envelope and putting them back in the box he picks up the bouquet of roses smiling, he whispers "daddy".

***

"You got them? The roses?" Hannibal asks as Will is finally led in his bed, rose petals scattered on the sheets, beneath him he kisses his neck, marvelling at how soft his skin feels.

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“Not as beautiful as you.” Hannibal whispers as he begins to make his way down Will’s chest placing such soft kisses as he goes. “You will come away with me?”

Will smiles and raises his hips slightly as Hannibal reaches his hip bone a swipe of a tongue and gentle kiss. “You mean it? You will kiss me in Paris?”

Hannibal kisses a trail across Will’s lower stomach and looks up at him “I promise” he whispers as his hand hold onto to svelte hips, Will’s hands still in Hannibal’s hair “and I always keep my promises.”

“Then, yes, of course Daddy.” Will smiles widely as Hannibal lowers his head and begins to kiss Will’s very erect cock, his hands slide down from hips to thighs. The feeling of those lips on him makes him groan and the need to kiss Hannibal even stronger. Hannibal slowly takes Will into his mouth and gently sucks, Will cannot help but buck his hips up which only encourages Hannibal. Taking his time, tasting every drop of precum, Hannibal moves his mouth up and down, lips softly sliding against sensitive flesh. Will is moaning and whimpering which only encourages Hannibal lost to the taste and sensations of Will in his mouth. When Will comes Hannibal moans at the how good he tastes.

Eventually Hannibal moves his mouth lower to Will’s dripping hole, he laps at the entrance and Will is reminded of his fantasy with the peach rose. Those lips as soft as those velvet petals brushing against him, then Hannibal’s tongue enters him completely and he is lost to utter ecstasy. Will’s hands drop from Hannibal’s hair and grip the rose petal covered sheets beneath him he moans “Daddy”. Hannibal’s tongue moves so slowly in and out of Will it is almost impossibly arousing a torturous pace which makes every nerve in Will’s omegan body feel like it’s on fire.

Hannibal can feel the heat and softness of Will on his tongue and it feels like nothing else. He imagines him to look like that peach rose he gave Will, he wants to cover Will in them, caress every inch of his skin and every intimate place. He hums gently in pleasure and Will feels the vibration and almost painfully comes again. Hannibal keeps going he wants Will to be utterly spent by the time he is done then he will fuck him, knot him and wish he could wake up next to him. He longs for the day they wake up together, when he can wake Will up with his mouth and the first sound he makes that morning to be a breathless whisper of “Daddy.”

He keeps going until Will is whimpering and incoherent. Hannibal then places one last kiss to his now very open and wet hole he brushes his hands down Will’s thighs one last time before kissing his way back up to Will he covers his body with his own. He strokes a hand through Will’s damp curls and places a kiss on his forehead. Will is moaning and has his eyes closed, Hannibal smiles and gently whispers while kissing the shell of Will’s ear “come back to my sweet, Daddy is going to fuck you now, look at me my sweet.”

Will moans and bites his lip and eventually opens his eyes and he feels the press of Hannibal's cock against his oversensitive hole. "Daddy, please, kiss me, please!" Will wants to taste himself on Hannibal's lips more than anything else in the world right now it feels like a craving deep inside of him.

Hannibal sighs and kisses Will's neck pressing his cock a little inside "soon my sweet, soon." He wants to, he wants to devour those lips and feel that tongue scrape against his own more than anything but he wants to feel it for real. "I will make you beg in real life my sweet, you will be just like this, desperate and wanting and then, only then will Daddy kiss you." Hannibal brushes his lips against the swollen nub of Will's scent gland before entering Will completely.

"Daddy!" Will groans as Hannibal thrusts his hips, slow but deliberate rolls making Will feel utterly desperate.

"Beg for Daddy my sweet boy, beg for me." Hannibal hotly whispers into Will's neck as he drags his tongue along the hot skin, licking and tasting the flesh.

"Please Daddy! Please!" Will is brings his legs up around Hannibal's waist so he is fully seated inside, he wraps his arms around Hannibal's neck clinging on for dear life "please! Fuck me Daddy!"

Hannibal growls into Will's neck with arousal as he thrusts a few more times before pushing his knot inside Will who arches his neck back at the feeling. "My sweet, tight boy!" Hannibal gasps as he finally comes hard inside Will resting his weight on Will's lithe body as he is milked over and over.

When he wakes Will can smell the bouquet of roses by his bed and he groans. He looks down at the soft brightly coloured petals and smiles. *Soon,* he hears in Hannibal's voice as if he is still whispering in his ear breath hot and close, *soon.*

Chapter End Notes

more tomorrow
comments are the scent of those roses and kudos is Hannibal's handwriting

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The connection surprised both of them, becoming clear that it wasn't only physical between them. Hannibal found he enjoyed Will's mind, the way he thought, the way he spoke. He always had a unique perspective to share and Hannibal found him insightful and interesting. Will, too, could listen to Hannibal talk all day and hearing about his past was fascinating, where he had come from, what he had been through. His life seemed so luxurious but he had come from poverty and experienced hunger and profound loss. The more time they spent together in this bubble the closer they became and if Will was honest it worried him a little. They could not be together while he was a student the scandal would destroy Hannibal's career and Will's reputation. If Will had any hope of getting into the FBI academy he needed to have a spotless reputation.

Will opened his eyes and shook his head to dispel the thoughts, all that mattered was here and now. Tomorrow Hannibal would come and they would have a whole week to themselves. He could kiss Hannibal as much as he wanted. The rest of it they would have to figure out but not now, not when Will could enjoy the anticipation of seeing Hannibal tomorrow, in a matter of hours.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal had sent Will on ahead to Paris a day early just to make sure they were not seen together. It had felt strange to travel abroad and alone, but Hannibal had made sure Will was escorted every step of the way and treated like precious cargo. There had been champagne and rose petals covered in chocolate and yet more roses. By the time he got to the apartment in Paris he felt like he was floating on a cloud. He had been escorted inside by his driver and shown around, there was a fridge full of food, clothes in the closets, a bathroom full of toiletries, money left for emergencies

and a map of the surrounding area should he wish to go out. Hannibal was due the next day by the early afternoon.

Will, in a way, was glad of the time as all of this was starting to feel a little overwhelming. He walks around the apartment in awe it's completely opulent and stunning. High ceilings, gold ornate fixtures, a huge kitchen, lounge and dining room. The view is beautiful over the rooftops of Paris. The bed in the bedroom is so huge Will worries he will get lost in it. There is a massive claw tub bath in the bathroom too which looks big enough for at least three people. Of course there are vases of roses everywhere as well as bowls of rose petals. The whole apartment is filled with their scent.

Having only brought a small bag with him it does not take Will long to unpack his things. He decides to have a bath and adds some oils and rose petals to the water. Sinking into the water he breathes out a sigh of relaxation. He still has so much anticipation of seeing Hannibal his body has been buzzing all day. The idea that they are going to be here together for a whole week, that he will finally get that kiss makes him giddy with excitement. He has taken a glass of champagne to the bath with him which he is sipping as he relaxes, he really could get used to this.

Bev had asked him a million questions about what he was doing this week and he had managed to avoid them for the most part. His Dad had asked him about coming home and he had lied and said he was busy with school work, he felt bad but he could go home in the holidays. He had then started to think what his Dad would think if he knew he was spending a week in Paris with an alpha almost twice his age. He had cringed at the reaction his father would have and tried not to think about it.

Led in the warm water he places his glass down on the small side table and closes his eyes he thinks about Hannibal and the last dream they had shared together before he left. They were in Will's room in his shared house with Bev. Will had been surprised that they had ended up there, but Hannibal apparently had a desire to see his room, his tiny single bed barely able to fit Hannibal let alone Will. They had ended up with Hannibal sat on the bed leaning on a pillow against the wall with Will led with his head in Hannibal's lap. They had spent much of the dream talking while Hannibal played with his hair.

Will told Hannibal about his life, his father and working on the fishing boats in the day and then coming home and studying until late. He was the first person in his family to go to college. His father, a beta, had found his son being an omega hard to deal with and Will had sensed the relief from him when he moved away. It had made him sad but he also knew his father had done his best. Will had never known his mother the concept of family had always seemed alien to him so he had never missed it.

Hannibal had told him about his sister, how she died, how he had struggled for many years before finally coming to the states. He had worked hard been supported by his Aunt who in many ways had saved his life. He told Will about the cold, lonely days in the orphanage feeling abandoned, feeling as if the world had ended and these sad pathetic children were the only people left. How he had felt relief but also guilt when he had been saved. He confessed to finding it hard to find anyone to connect with, he had always been alone and had gotten used to it, anything else seemed alien to him.

The connection they had surprised both of them and it was also becoming clear that it wasn't only physical between them. Hannibal found he enjoyed Will's mind, the way he thought, the way he spoke. He always had a unique perspective to share and Hannibal found him insightful and interesting. Will, too, could listen to Hannibal talk all day and hearing about his past was fascinating, where he had come from, what he had been through. His life seemed so luxurious but he had come from poverty and experienced hunger and profound loss. The more time they spent together in this bubble the closer they became and if Will was honest it worried him a little. They could not be together while he was a student the scandal would destroy Hannibal's career and Will's reputation. If Will had any hope of getting into the FBI academy he needed to have a spotless reputation.

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***

Hannibal finally arrived in Paris, knowing Will had safely arrived at the apartment after the driver messaged him to say Will was there. Climbing the stairs to the apartment he is almost breathless from anticipation of this week. Opening the door he enters the hall and takes off his shoes and coat, dropping his bag by the door he makes his way out of the hallway to the kitchen. He stops in the doorway at the sight which greets him.

Will in just a pair of low slung, tight fitting faded blue jeans. No shirt, no shoes, his hair a little damp Hannibal assumes from the shower as he can smell the scent of shampoo. He has his back to Hannibal and has earbuds in swaying his hips slightly to music only he can hear. Hannibal enjoys the sight for a moment before making his way quietly behind Will, wrapping his arms around his waist before reaching up and pulling the earbuds out he kisses Will's neck, the skin as soft as in his dreams.

"Mmm Daddy you are here." Will breathlessly says as his hands reach up around Hannibal's neck encouraging this exploration of his neck. One of Hannibal's hands has made its way to the top of Will's jeans and is undoing the button of the fly. "So forward Daddy." Will says with a smile.

“You are a tease, you knew what you were doing and now Daddy wants to see you come in these before he takes you to bed.” Hannibal’s hand then slips under Will’s jeans and underwear finding his already hard cock as Will sighs and leans back into Hannibal.

“You promised me a kiss.” Will moans as Hannibal’s hand grasps Will’s cock and begins to stroke as he bites slightly at Will’s scent gland, the other arm is wrapped around Will’s waist holding him firmly in place.

“All in good time my sweet, I said I would make you beg.” Hannibal is now pressed up so close against Will that he can feel Hannibal’s large cock against his ass, so Will grinds down slightly making Hannibal growl. The pace of his hand increases and soon Will is arching his neck and rolling his eyes, slick is already staining the outside of his jeans.

“Please! Please daddy!” Will whines as Hannibal’s large hands continue to stroke him. It does not take long for Will to come and Hannibal smiles at the increased wet patch on the front of his jeans. Will looks positively debauched now. Slowly Will turns around, Hannibal’s hand slipping from his jeans to his arse, he wraps his arms around Hannibal’s neck. “Carry me to bed Daddy.”

Hannibal smiles as Will jumps up and wraps his legs around Hannibal’s waist, Hannibal holds him just under his arse. “That was my plan.” He takes Will through to the bedroom and lays him on the bed taking a moment to enjoy the sight of Will in his now stained, very damp jeans.

“I like these jeans and they are now ruined.” Will pouts as he watches Hannibal get undressed.

‘I will buy you a hundred more just to do the same.” Hannibal responds with a smile. Once he is completely undressed he takes one of the roses from the vase by the bed, another peach Juliet rose, and climbs on top of Will covering his body with his own as Will shifts his legs to make room for him. Hannibal brushes the rose along Will’s face as he closes his eyes and hums finally his fantasy is about to come true. Running the rose down Will’s neck across his scent gland and to his collarbone, Hannibal makes his way lower brushing the rose over each nipple and down Will’s chest. Every soft swipe of those petals makes Will moan it feels as intimate as he imagined.

“You have made such a mess of these jeans.” Hannibal smiles and places the rose on Will’s stomach so he can undo the jeans and pull them off with his underwear. He picks up the rose and runs the flower down the inside of Will’s legs once he gets to his feet he kisses the arch of them. Taking his time Hannibal runs the flower back up Will’s leg to his thigh and then closer to his very

slick hole. Settling between his legs Hannibal runs the petal over the most intimate part of Will and he moans and arches his neck back. The touch is like a whisper, a velvet caress and it makes him want so much more. Hannibal brings the now damp rose up to his nose to smells the combined scent of the rose and Will's slick. "Beautiful."

Will manages to open his eyes "please Daddy! Please kiss me!"

Hannibal smiles and runs the rose down Will's chest one more leaving a slightly damp trail on his skin before placing it to the side. "Where shall I kiss you?" he says as he shuffles down the bed so he can place his lips on the leaking and still erect slit of Will's cock. Will moans out an unintelligible plea. "Here" Hannibal says as he kisses along the shaft, "here" he places a kiss on the edge of Will's hole before plundering inside with his tongue making Will buck his hips up as Hannibal's hands grip Will's thighs. "Please Daddy! Please!" Will shouts now as he is lost to the wonderful feeling of Hannibal's talented tongue finally inside him for real and not just in a dream. This time he will be able to kiss Hannibal and taste himself, he moans again at the thought.

Tasting Will like this is as wonderful if not more so than the dream, to have him like this hot, wet and moaning underneath him makes Hannibal almost delirious with pleasure. His mind a peaceful blank as all he can think about is making Will moan and plead. Will comes again after a few more licks and pushing in of his tongue so Hannibal kisses his way around Will's hole before taking his cock into his mouth tasting that cum like nectar. Will is bucking his hips and pleading now, just as Hannibal wanted him to. Hannibal kisses his way up his chest, gently biting each nipple before reaching that neck where he kisses every wonderful inch.

"Please kiss me Daddy! Please!" Will cannot take this torture for a moment longer and he feels like he might explode if Hannibal doesn't kiss him soon. Hannibal smiles and presses a chaste kiss to Will's forehead and then presses his cock slowly inside Will whose eyes roll back in his head at the stretch even more wonderful than his dream. Hannibal thrusts inside and moans as Will is so tight and hot around him, he can smell Will's arousal mixing with the roses in the room and he knows he will not last long. Will wraps his legs around Hannibal so he can fully enter him, he holds onto Hannibal's neck for dear life as Hannibal fucks him.

They are both lost to the sensation of finally feeling what this is like for real, both of them in the same space and time, knowing it will not disappear once they come for the final time. Hannibal moans and can feel his knot forming against Will's hole his muscles ready to take him. "Please, please!" Will cries his voice a desperate wail as Hannibal pushes his knot inside him and comes filling Will completely. Hannibal rests his forehead on Will's for a moment waiting for Will to open his eyes and come back to Hannibal. He runs a hand through Will's now sweat dampened hair "look at me" he whispers and Will's eyes flutter open.

“Daddy! Please will you kiss me now?” Will’s voice is raspy cry and Hannibal smiles.

“Yes, yes now I will.” Hannibal smiles and gently presses his lips against Will’s as he moans and opens up. The kiss is slow at first even though Will is keen he pushes his tongue inside as Hannibal gently shh’s him and strokes a hand down his cheek. Hannibal controls the pace and making it languid and sensual enjoying every soft press of lips, every electric swipe of Will’s tongue across his own. Will can taste himself in Hannibal’s mouth and it makes him moan, he cannot help run his hands down Hannibal’s back gripping at the muscles slightly as the kiss deepens. They break apart for only a moment to catch their breath before beginning again. Will can feel every breath, every beat of Hannibal’s heart as if it is his own. It is a kiss worth the wait and it feels to Hannibal as if he has lost himself now and he does not care, he just wants to stay in this moment, in this kiss for the rest of his life.

Chapter End Notes

comments are the way Hannibal easily undoes Will's jeans and kudos are the rose petals scattered in Will's bath

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

> Will's eyes flutter open and he sees that Hannibal is holding a pale pink what looks like glass plug, his eyes shine when he realises there is a rose at the end of it. Slowly Will opens his mouth and Hannibal inserts the plug inside. It fills Will's mouth completely and he moans as he realises how large the plug is, how good it is going to feel inside him, what that rose nestled between his cheeks will look like. Hannibal continues to fuck Will with his fingers until he can feel that Will is close to coming, little shakes and murmurs. He removes the plug from Will's mouth "come for daddy." Hannibal commands and Will comes untouched his cock painfully trapped beneath him, it is then Hannibal removes his fingers and places the tip of the plug inside Will's now dripping hole.
>
> "Relax for me, you can do this." Hannibal whispers "my beautiful boy."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will is half asleep, led on his back he sighs in contentment, he feels warm and safe. There is the softest of velvet touches being traced along his skin, he can feel slight pressure as something soft is

brushed down his back, promising to go lower. He can feel heat next to him, constant and solid, skin to skin. His eyes flutter open and he smiles as he meets those dark pools of almost reddish brown. “Mmm daddy.” He whispers as that softer than soft touch reaches the curve of his ass. He can feel now that Hannibal has placed rose petals all down the central groove of his back, they feel like a velvet kiss.

“Good morning.” Hannibal whispers and kisses Will’s shoulder. This is the first time they have woken up together.

Will smiles “good morning. It is nice to wake up with you.”

Hannibal nods and kisses Will gently on the lips “yes it is.”

Will moans as he feels Hannibal’s finger brush the curve of his ass and then find his hole which is still a little sore from last night. With the gentlest of touches Hannibal traces the muscle. Slick already beginning to form once again even with the smallest amount of attention. Hannibal can feel the muscles clenching and reacting to him; he smiles as he dips the tip of his finger inside. It feels warm, wet and tight. “Mmm Daddy, what are you doing?”

Hannibal smiles “I have a present for you but first I need to make you ready.”

“Another present?” Will manages before an entire finger is inserted inside Will and he whimpers loudly, pleasure and pain mixing so wonderfully together.

“Let daddy play with you.” Hannibal whispers.

Will closes his eyes and whispers “always.” He means it, he wishes they could stay here forever.

Hannibal continues to torture Will with his finger slowly inserting in and then bringing it out again, slick now leaking around it and dripping down onto the already stained sheets. Another fingers joins the first and stretches Will easily he moans and bucks back into the sensation chasing more. “Such an impatient boy.” Hannibal whispers as he presses a third finger inside finding that sweet bundle of nerves and pressing ever so slightly.

“Please, Daddy.” Will moans.

“Stay still my sweet Daddy needs to give you your present.” Hannibal reaches with his spare hand and pulls something from under the pillow. “Open your mouth.”

Will’s eyes flutter open and he sees that Hannibal is holding a pale pink what looks like glass plug, his eyes shine when he realises there is a rose at the end of it. Slowly Will opens his mouth and Hannibal inserts the plug inside. It fills Will’s mouth completely and he moans as he realises how large the plug is, how good it is going to feel inside him, what that rose nestled between his cheeks will look like. Hannibal continues to fuck Will with his fingers until he can feel that Will is close to coming, little shakes and murmurs. He removes the plug from Will’s mouth “come for daddy.” Hannibal commands and Will comes untouched his cock painfully trapped beneath him, it is then Hannibal removes his fingers and places the tip of the plug inside Will’s now dripping hole.

“Relax for me, you can do this.” Hannibal whispers “my beautiful boy.”

Will closes his eyes and breathes out a long breath as Hannibal slowly inserts the plug, twisting it a little so it goes in easily. Will’s body opens up for him and takes the plug beautifully so the rose is gently parting his cheeks. Hannibal smiles “beautiful.”

“Thank you daddy.” Will is breathless with arousal as he feels the stretch now, all his slick inside trapped against his sensitive walls. He moves, rose petals falling from his back, so he can lie in top of Hannibal; every movement causes a shift of the plug and a wave of sensation vibrates through his body. They kiss and Will moans and whimpers as his cock is getting hard again and making the plug shift he can feel it hard and warm inside him. Parting Will smiles “I want to thank you.”

Hannibal smiles and brushes his hand down Will’s flushed face “you don’t have to my sweet.”

“I want to, will you let me? Daddy.” Will is still a little breathless, his lips are kiss swollen and he has a dusting of a pink blush from arousal on his skin.

“Of course.” Hannibal kisses Will’s nose making his giggle. “How could I refuse you?”

Will laughs and then very slowly and carefully goes on all fours and then turns around, thankful for the size of the bed that means he can do this without leaving Hannibal, so that his ass, plug and all

is above Hannibal's face and his mouth can cover his very large cock. Hannibal moans at the sight greeting him, that pale glass rose nestled so perfectly. He reaches up with his hands and parts Will's cheeks a little more so he can appreciate the sight, he then gently taps the plug so the vibration flows through Will's body. "Mmm Daddy!" Will whimpers before kissing the tip of Hannibal's cock.

Feeling every soft lingering exploration of the plug and his ass from Hannibal as hands brush against his skin and lips are placing soft kisses and the occasional bite; Will places his hand at the base of Hannibal's cock and then engulfs the rest in his mouth. Hannibal moans loudly as his cock is taken into that pretty mouth, he imagines those kiss swollen lips stretched as he feels them against sensitive skin, Will's ass high and presenting so close to him. Will begins to suck and bob his head making the plug move slightly which causes him to whimper in pleasure as those delightful vibrations and waves of pleasure ripple through his body.

Hannibal feels like he is in heaven right now with Will's talented tongue slipping around his cock and his wonderful pale ass close enough to kiss, lick and bite. To be able to pleasure each other like this in real life feels so much better than all the dreams they shared. Hannibal cannot help but leave small marks all over Will's ass, little bite marks and sucking kisses, red and bright against such pale skin, just like a rose. Will feels each lick and bite so much more with the plug wriggling inside him, waves of pleasure fill him as he can taste Hannibal's burgeoning arousal on his tongue.

Gently Hannibal twists and rotates the plug slightly, pulling it out a little and inserting it back in, watching as Will's muscles expand and contract. Hannibal can feel the moan of pleasure from Will on his cock as he continues to pleasure Hannibal with his mouth. It does not take long before Hannibal can feel his knot beginning to form and he imagines Will placing small kisses on it like he did in the dream and he smiles in anticipation, his cock flinches a little in Will's mouth despite the steadying hand, making him gag a little. Hannibal does not worry he knows Will likes it to have that happen; this is only confirmed when Will takes Hannibal in deeper the tip of his cock hitting the back of Will's mouth. Hannibal feeling those tendons contract against his slit making him groan and he knows he is going to come soon.

Will is also now very erect and Hannibal moves one of hands to stroke Will's cock which receives another moan of approval from Will. Hannibal spreads the precum on Will's cock down the shaft and begins to move his hand up and down as he watches the plug move slightly. It is a truly glorious sight and Will's mouth never fails to be exhilarating. They are both so close to coming, Hannibal can feel his knot now fully formed pressed against Will's hand as well as how hard Will's cock is, the muscles around the plug are contracting. "Come for Daddy, show me how much you love my cock my sweet." Hannibal hotly whispers.

Hearing those words are enough to make Will come, he manages to remove his mouth from Hannibal in time so he doesn't bite down. Instead he arches his neck and back making his ass even higher as he comes hotly over Hannibal's hand. "Yes! Daddy!" Will practically screams as the plug

moves and presses in all the right places inside him. Hannibal brings his hand up to his mouth and licks some of the cum from his fingers “you are delicious my love.” Will then feels Hannibal spread some of his cum over the edges of the plug, he can feel the warm liquid dripping down his ass and he moans as he feels more slick push against the plug.

Will lowers himself once more and takes in as much of Hannibal’s cock as he can making himself gag. It does not take long until Hannibal comes and Will struggles to swallow it all, eventually he begins to lick up and down Hannibal’s shaft and then his knot placing small brushing kisses just as Hannibal hoped. “You are perfect!” Hannibal moans as Will kisses, licks and sucks slightly making sure he gets all of Hannibal’s cum while Hannibal continues to play with his ass.

Eventually, Will can take no more and turns around again on shaky legs to collapse next to Hannibal who kisses him deeply. They lie in each other arms trying to get their breath back, Will runs his fingers along Hannibal’s swollen knot making him whimper slightly. Hannibal’s hand cups Will’s ass and presses the plug every now and again making Will bite his lower lip. They play with each other exchanging kisses and touches until Hannibal’s knot eventually deflates.

“We should get cleaned up.” Hannibal mutters as Will lies dozing on his chest as Hannibal plays with his hair.

“Mmm, why?” Will mutters content to stay in bed all day.

“I have somewhere I want to take you.” Hannibal smiles and places a kiss on Will’s sweat dampened curls.

“I never want to leave this bed.” Will mutters and traces a circle around Hannibal’s nipple.

“We will be back in it soon I promise.” Hannibal smiles.

“You ruined my jeans I have nothing to wear.” Will mutters.

“You ruined your jeans I just helped.” Hannibal chuckles. “There are more clothes for you here.”

“They are my favourite pair.” Will laments.

“The maid will be by when we are out she can wash them.” Hannibal strokes a hand down Will’s back and rests it on the curve of his ass.

“A maid?” Will reddens a little at the thought of someone seeing the evidence of all the things they have been doing.

“Don’t worry she is very discreet.” Hannibal reassures.

Will thinks for a moment and then sits up “you have brought others here? Have you brought that Anthony here?”

Hannibal thinks jealousy looks good on Will he is practically glowing with rage, “my sweet you are the only person of any consequence I have brought here and for a very long time.” Hannibal smiles and strokes a hand through Will’s hair. “No I have never even entertained the idea of bringing Anthony here. You are one of a kind to me Will, no one compares.”

Will thinks it over and decides that is good enough for now and so nods his head and lies back down. “Okay, where are we going?”

“I would like to buy you a suit.” Hannibal says and Will laughs.

“A suit?”

“Yes, my dear, a custom made suit you are going to need a good suit.” Hannibal replies, perfectly serious.

“For what?” Will cannot think of a single reason why he would ever need a suit.

“For interviews you will be going on, when you apply to the FBI for example. University events as well. You should have one.” Hannibal kisses his forehead.

“You know you don’t have to buy me things.” Will whispers feeling oddly self conscious.

“I know that. I like to spoil you.” Hannibal smiles, finding a self conscious Will rather endearing. “So let’s get cleaned up I will buy us breakfast and then we will go.”

Will mumbles “okay but Daddy I may need some help.”

Hannibal laughs “of course.”

***

They had eventually gotten out of the bed and into the shower, Hannibal had removed Will’s plug so he could clean up. While Will was picking out something to wear Hannibal had washed the rose plug and then immersed it in some warm water. He waited for Will to appear in the lounge, he had dressed in some dark navy denim jeans, a white shirt and his own grey blazer and some brown brogues, his hair perfectly tousled. Hannibal smiles when he sees him. “You look very handsome.”

Will laughs at that walks over to Hannibal who is standing by the coffee table it is then he sees the bowl of water with the plug. “What are you doing with that?” Will asks.

“I have warmed it so you can wear it while we are out.” Hannibal says and traces a finger along the side of Will’s face. “Undo your jeans and brace yourself against the couch.”

Will smiles and nods, “yes Daddy!” He does as he is told and pushes his jeans down just below his ass and spreads his legs. Hannibal smiles as he can see the marks he left are still red. “Beautiful.” he runs his hands down Will’s ass before turning and taking the plug from the bowl he dries it with a towel, before pressing the now warm tip against the outer ring of muscle of Will’s hole.

“Ahh, thats warm.” Will moans as he feels the heat from the tip brush against his muscles.

“Too much?” Hannibal asks.

“No, please Daddy continue.” Will moans and wriggles his ass pressing up against the plug. Hannibal spreads Will’s slick around the tip and then begins to push it in a little at a time. The warmth of the glass against his inner walls make Will gasp it feels so wonderful, strange but glorious he feels his cock flinch slightly and he takes a deep breath as Hannibal pushes the plug all the way in.

“How does that feel?” Hannibal asks standing back to admire his work.

Will takes a moment to allow his body to adjust and for his cock to calm down, he does not want to go out with a hard on. He takes a few deep breaths and relaxes into the sensation. “Good, it feels good.”

“Can you stand?” Hannibal asks and Will breathes and then nods he slowly stands up and pulls his underwear and jeans back up over his ass carefully.

Will walks over to Hannibal and places his hand on the back of Hannibal’s neck to pull him in for a kiss, before he whispers “thank you Daddy.” Hannibal moans and brushes his hand over the denim of Will’s ass, feeling the hard spot of the rose pressing in slightly.

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Chapter End Notes

comments are the rose butt plug, kudos are the way Will's eyes widen when he sees it

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

> “No, my boy, look at yourself.” Hannibal says and gently kisses Will’s neck as he rolls his head forward and opens his eyes. He can see Hannibal behind him still fully dressed in an immaculate suit of his own, hands touching him, he can see his chest is flushed with arousal and his legs are trembling slightly.
>
> “You are beautiful and mine omega don’t forget that.” Hannibal hotly whispers into Will’s neck as he looks up and meets Will’s eyes in the mirror. “Tell me.”
>
> Will smiles as Hannibal bites his neck slightly “I am yours Daddy.”
>
> “Good boy.” Hannibal strokes Will’s cock now, hand slipped under his boxers, “I want you to watch yourself come.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They arrive at the tailors which is down a side street and is basically a door with no sign; if you did not know it was there you would never see it. Will quickly realises it is a ‘by appointment only’ establishment and only those in the know can even get an appointment. Hannibal presses the unmarked buzzer on the side and is immediately let in, he pushes the door open at the sound of the loud buzz and Will follows him inside. There is a courtyard which has several doors and a large olive tree in the middle. Hannibal leads Will to the first the door which is open and they walk down a short corridor to another door which finally leads them to a small reception room where there is a large antique desk; sat behind the desk is a young omegan woman who stands when she sees Hannibal. She is strikingly beautiful, dressed in well fitting black pinstripe trousers, a low cut white silk blouse paired with a tailored short jacket that matches her trousers, her sky high black stilettos click on the tiled floor. Her hair is swept back into a tight ponytail which swings elegantly as she moves, showing off diamond stud earrings. She wears simple makeup to accentuate her eyes, apart from bright red lips.

“Professor it is so good to see you.” She says as she walks around the desk and grasps his hand before pulling him in for a hug. Her voice is rich like honey, her accent is American but it is soft and lulling. Eventually she notices Will and parts from Hannibal her eyes widen “this is the young man you spoke about?” She asks with a smile as she less than subtly looks him up and down.

“He is indeed my dear Margot, allow me to introduce Will Graham.” Will smiles because Hannibal is not hiding who Will is, and the way he is touching Will, a hand on the small of his back, makes it clear they are more than just friends. “Will, this is Margot Verger a very old and dear friend of mine.”

“Enough of the old Hannibal!” Margot laughs and takes Will’s hand in her own she clasps it gently. “It is wonderful to meet you.”

Will smiles and nods “thank you.”

Margot laughs gently and pulls him close to her so she can whisper in his ear, “don’t worry I don’t bite, you can relax, not all of Hannibal’s friends as are stuffy as he is.”

Will laughs he cannot help but immediately like Margot. “Margot what are you whispering in his ear.” Hannibal asks pretending to be worried.

Margot looks at Hannibal and smiles sweetly “that, my dear is none of your concern.” She turns her attention back to Will, ponytail swishing as she does. “Now, Will, you come with me so we can measure you.” Before Will knows what’s happening he is being led through another door into a large oval room that has racks of suits along the walls housed in open antique wooden cabinets with large wide drawers at the bottom. There is a small platform in the middle of the room and a large free standing mirror with three sections in front of it. There is a curtained off changing area at the far end, a few leather couches and a small desk and chair on the platform. The lighting is soft and flattering and there is classical music playing quietly in the background on hidden speakers.

“Don’t worry Hannibal will be along shortly he wants to have a look through some of the new samples.” Margot says and takes his hand to lead him up onto the platform to stand in front of the mirrors. He watches as she goes to the desk and opens the drawer she takes out a cloth measuring tape and a small black notebook and pencil. “Just stand up straight and let me do the rest.”

Will is watching in the mirror as she deftly measures him, getting down on her knees and back up again in sky high heels with absolute ease. She smells divine this close up too and Will can see her skin looks wonderfully soft. Her hands, as she deftly brushes them over him, feel just like a brush from a feather.

“How long have you known Hannibal?” Will asks as she runs the tape along his shoulders before placing it over her neck and making a note in her book, clipping the pencil back along the side.

Margot smiles and looks at Will in the mirror “many years now, he has been coming to me for suits for almost as long as I can remember he was one of my first customers.”

“How did you meet?” Will is intrigued about Hannibal’s life and this enigmatic woman and how they may have met.

“I was one of his patients a long time ago, he saved my life and helped me start a new one.” She smiles, “he is an extraordinary man Will.”

“Glad to know you still hold me in such high regard Margot.” Hannibal says as he enters the room holding a large black sample book.

Will turns to looks at him and smiles. “Does anyone not?”

Hannibal laughs as he moves closer to them “I am sure there are many who find me stuffy.”

Margot smiles, she should have known nothing gets passed him “not me” she says with a sweet smile. “Have you found anything you like the in new collection?”

Hannibal steps up on the platform and places the sample book on the desk before turning to Margot “yes, I have marked the pages as requested, the usual order.”

“Wonderful.” She beams “I think we are all done here, you were close to spot on with his measurements Hannibal not many changes.”

Will looks at Hannibal “you sent her my measurements?”

Hannibal nods “well we needed a starting point.”

Margot brushes a final hand along Will’s shoulder and walks to the desk to pick up the sample book “first rack on the left has everything in close enough to his size. Leave the ones you like on the desk.” She says squeezing Hannibal’s shoulder.

‘I thought you said it would be one suit.” Will turns and frowns.

Margot laughs and turns to Will “do not argue dear, you will never win, Hannibal likes to be generous to those he cares about.” She smiles, leans forward and whispers in Hannibal’s ear “he is lovely.”

“Thank you Margot, I will let you know if we need anything else.”

“Take your time, there is coffee on the side and anything else you need just call.” She says before turning to Will with a wink “have fun.” She leaves the room with grace, closing the door behind her.

Will has watched her go and he now has that look on his face Hannibal is beginning to associate with jealousy. He laughs which deepens Will’s frown, Hannibal walks up to stand close to Will he

takes his hands in his “Will, you have nothing to be jealous of.”

“How many others have you done this with?” Will asks his voice low and his face flushed with anger.

“Will, listen to me.” Hannibal’s voice is firm. “I know you were upset about Anthony but I stopped seeing him as soon as I realised that the connection between us was getting stronger. The way I feel about you is unprecedented. As much as I enjoy the looks of rage on this beautiful face it does not need to there.” Hannibal strokes a hand down Will’s face. “Let Daddy take care of you, we have this week just you and me, let me enjoy you.” Hannibal’s hand goes to the nape of Will’s neck and pulls him in for a gentle kiss. “Now be a good boy for Daddy and take off your clothes.”

Will laughs “what if Margot comes back?”

“She won’t unless I ask her to, there is no one else here, this room is ours as long as we need it.” Hannibal smiles, “it takes time to find the perfect suit.”

Will smiles and nods “yes Daddy.” Will begins removing all his clothes, shoes and socks leaving them on the chair by the desk he returns to stand in front of the mirror. Hannibal has gone to the rack which Margot suggested and is starting to pick out suits for Will. He brings a few to the desk and places them on it before going to stand behind Will who is just in his underwear now. Hannibal brushes the fabric of Will’s boxers with his hand finding the plug underneath the fabric and pressing it slightly causing Will to smile.

“I think Daddy might want to see it once more.” Hannibal says as he gently places his fingers under the waistband and then rolls the back of Will’s boxers down to just under his ass. “Beautiful.” Hannibal breathes at the exposed glass rose glinting in the soft light of the room. “Do you want to see?”

Will nods and allows himself to be turned around so he can look over his shoulder at his reflection. He gasps when he sees the red marks Hannibal has left and the pale, delicate rose nestled between his cheeks. “Do you like it?” Hannibal asks as he kisses Will’s shoulder, brushing a hand over Will’s ass softly.

“Yes, Daddy.” He breathes out.

“You are truly beautiful.” Hannibal says as he runs his fingers over every red mark he left and then around the edge of the rose. “Turn around again.”

Will takes one last look and turns around he feels breathless with anticipation as he feels, then sees in the mirror, his cock getting harder straining against the front of his underwear; a wet patch already forming. He leans back into Hannibal arching his neck as he does so “mmm Daddy your hands.”

Hannibal smiles and strokes a hand around Will’s waist and down to brush against the fabric of his boxers over his cock. “What about my hands?” He teases as he strokes Will’s cock again and bites his earlobe.

“They feel so good.” Will moans as Hannibal’s other hand finds the plug again and taps the glass a few times; those vibrations of pleasure Will remembers from this morning flow through him once more and he whines.

Hannibal slips his hand beneath the front of Will’s boxers and grasps his cock “does my boy like it when I touch him?”

“Yes, god yes Daddy.” Will leans his head back even further now and closes his eyes in pleasure.

“No, my boy, look at yourself.” Hannibal says and gently kisses Will’s neck as he rolls his head forward and opens his eyes. He can see Hannibal behind him still fully dressed in an immaculate suit of his own, hands touching him, he can see his chest is flushed with arousal and his legs are trembling slightly.

“You are beautiful and mine omega don’t forget that.” Hannibal hotly whispers into Will’s neck as he looks up and meets Will’s eyes in the mirror. “Tell me.”

Will smiles as Hannibal bites his neck slightly “I am yours Daddy.”

“Good boy.” Hannibal strokes Will’s cock now, hand slipped under his boxers, “I want you to watch yourself come.”

Will is so close to coming and he can feel slick pushing against the plug in his ass and he worries it will come out. “Mmm Daddy, yes!”

With his other hand Hannibal gently pulls the plug out a little from Will allowing some of the slick forming to come out, he pushes it back in, twisting, and pulls it partly out again repeating the process at the same speed as he strokes Will’s cock. It is taking all of Will’s concentration to not close his eyes but focus on his reflection as he watches his whole body flush and his muscles contract as he builds ever closer to his orgasm. “So wet for Daddy, so warm, so hard.” Hannibal whispers into Will’s neck “come for me, come for Daddy.”

Will cannot hold on for a moment longer and he comes over Hannibal’s hand in his underwear as slick drips down his leg from where Hannibal partly removed the plug. Watching himself come with Hannibal’s hands touching the most intimate parts of him feels wonderful and it makes Will moan and want more of this. Hannibal smiles and kisses Will’s shoulder “good boy.” Hannibal removes his hand from Will’s boxers, with his spare hand he take out a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his hand clean. Will watches as Hannibal goes to his knees behind him and begins to kiss and lick up all the slick on his leg and around his hole before pushing the plug back in.

Hannibal stands up and looks at Will’s reflection in the mirror he looks flushed and beautiful. “Don’t worry there is clean underwear I was going to buy you new ones anyway.”

Will laughs as he watches Hannibal go to the drawers under the racks of suits he takes out a pair of tight boxer briefs and comes back over to Will. He gently pulls Will’s now quite sodden boxers off letting them fall to the ground; he uses the handkerchief to dab up the rest of Will’s cum, he kneels again behind Will and kisses the plug once more making sure it’s snug and secure before helping Will put on the new pair of boxers. He stands up and admires his work. “Lovely. Now where shall we start?”

Chapter End Notes

comments are Margot's swishing pony tail and kudos are her red lipstick

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

> Will sighs and nods but he is still going to distract Hannibal as much as he can. He slowly runs a hand down his neck pressing on his scent gland, he doesn't usually try and use his biology like this but he knows that Hannibal is more than a little receptive to all his omegan tricks. He knows that Hannibal loves his neck, loves his scent. He bends his neck one way as he presses his fingers down on the gland, sighing and sticking his ass out a little. Hannibal is not immune to his antics and pauses a moment before dropping the suit and going over to stand behind Will. "You are a tease."
>
> "Daddy likes it when I tease." Will breathes out as he runs his other hand down his chest slowly, taking his time as Hannibal's eyes follow the trail his hand is making. He leans back into Hannibal and he can feel the large erection pressing up against his ass through Hannibal's trousers.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will smiles and looks at himself in the mirror, the new boxers are snug and do not leave much to the imagination. His skin still tingles from the orgasm and he feels excitement at what just happened, he wants more, so much more. Hannibal has made his way back to the desk to pick out suits for Will to try, he watches the reflection of Hannibal's back as it moves under the suit jacket he is wearing. He wants Hannibal to stop looking at suits, he wants Hannibal's hands on him, he wants his cock in him, he wants Hannibal to fuck him over the desk so he can see himself in the mirror. He wants to make enough noise so that Margot is blushing when they leave.

Hannibal eventually turns around and meets Will's eyes and immediately knows that Will's mind has gone somewhere other than suits, he smirks and sighs. "Behave and be patient for Daddy," Hannibal says knowing it's pointless if Will has set his mind to something, and if he is honest he knows he will let Will win because he cannot help it. "Just try on one of these and then you can tell me whatever you have just started thinking."

Will sighs and nods but he is still going to distract Hannibal as much as he can. He slowly runs a hand down his neck pressing on his scent gland, he doesn't usually try and use his biology like this but he knows that Hannibal is more than a little receptive to all his omegan tricks. He knows that Hannibal loves his neck, loves his scent. He bends his neck one way as he presses his fingers down on the gland, sighing and sticking his ass out a little. Hannibal is not immune to his antics and pauses a moment before dropping the suit and going over to stand behind Will. "You are a tease."

"Daddy likes it when I tease." Will breathes out as he runs his other hand down his chest slowly, taking his time as Hannibal's eyes follow the trail his hand is making. He leans back into Hannibal and he can feel the large erection pressing up against his ass through Hannibal's trousers.

Hannibal takes a deep inhale of Will's scent which is quite strong now and he can feel that plug pressing through the thin fabric of Will's boxers, he presses a soft kiss to Will's neck as he moves the hand that was on his neck up to run through Hannibal's hair. "Mmmmm, Daddy, do I smell good?" Will whispers as Hannibal's hands and arms wrap themselves around Will's waist.

"You know you do." Hannibal whispers into Will's neck.

"I want you to fuck me over that desk, I want you to watch yourself in the mirror and imagine we are in your office." Will leans back even more and moans, feeling yet more slick press against the plug, he idly thinks he has never been this horny outside of his heats before, but he has never been with anyone like Hannibal before. Slowly disengaging himself from Hannibal's embrace Will walks, swaying his hips as he does, over to the desk where he moves the suits Hannibal laid on it earlier onto the chair which he rolls to the side. Hannibal watches him as he does this. Will stands

with his back to Hannibal behind the desk and slowly rolls the new underwear down off his ass and lets them fall to the ground he looks over his shoulder at Hannibal and smiles. Before Hannibal can respond Will places his hands on the desk and lifts himself up so he can lie flat on his back on the desk with his legs apart, dangling over the edge.

Hannibal smiles and knows he is beaten and really who could resist this feast laid out for him? He removes his suit jacket as he walks over to the desk, he places the jacket on the back of the chair, undoing his shirt cuffs and rolling them up before removing his shoes and socks. Will sits up on his elbows so he can watch as Hannibal walks over to him, he runs a hand down Will's chest and lower to the plug which he has only just managed to put back into Will. "Do you not like your present?"

Will shakes his head "why would you ask that?"

"Because you do not seem to want to keep it in." Hannibal purrs and Will smiles.

"Oh but Daddy I do I just need your cum inside me as well." Will says with a glint in his eyes as he can see the outline of Hannibal's cock in his suit trousers. "Please Daddy." Will looks up at Hannibal through his eyelashes and Hannibal practically growls.

"Your wish is my command." Hannibal responds making Will whine with need.

Hannibal undoes his belt, then the fly of his trousers pushing them and his underwear down to release his very erect cock. A little roughly Hannibal grips the edge of the rose plug with his fingers and presses it in making Will whine, he then twists it and removes it. Leaning over Will he reaches up and presses the plug against Will's lips until he opens up and takes it in his mouth. "Do you taste good?" Hannibal asks as he presses just the tip of his cock into Will who wraps his legs around Hannibal taking him in more as he licks and hums around the plug.

Hannibal removes the plug from Will's mouth and places it on the desk for use when he is done. Will locks his feet around Hannibal's ass and pulls himself up so that Hannibal's cock slips completely inside him. Hannibal moans loudly as he feels himself inside that hot, wet, tight passage once more. He thrusts his hips harshly as Will leans back and allows Hannibal to continue fucking him. Hannibal looks in the mirror at his own reflection as he fucks in to the pale, beautiful creature. Will is whimpering and moaning as he reaches behind him to brace himself on the edge of the desk arms above his head.

Will is almost incoherent with pleasure as his cock bobs up and down untouched between them, Hannibal wants him to come untouched, he wants Will to feel as desperate as he does right now. This boy will be the death of him he is sure. Hannibal feels as if he might lose control, if he didn't know better he would think one of them is going into heat or rut with how this feels. However any thought soon leaves Hannibal's head as Will comes screaming "Daddy!" so loudly that if Hannibal could think he would worry Margot would hear them. However the feeling of Will coming and clamping down around Hannibal's cock as Will leaks hot, wet liquid all over himself, the very picture of wanton abandon is enough to make Hannibal not care if the whole of Paris heard them.

It does not take much longer until Hannibal is coming too loudly as well, with a long growl of Will's name. Will can feel Hannibal has come and he manages to sit up a little "plug me Daddy I want to keep your cum inside me while you dress me."

Hannibal whines as those filthy words leaving Will's lips, he manages to pick up the plug and withdraw from Will then push the plug in to keep all his cum inside. His cock is still throbbing and his knot is forming. Will smiles and moans, once the plug is secure he carefully gets off the desk and goes to his knees, knowing what his Daddy likes he kisses Hannibal's knot, licks up any stray cum and then kisses the tip of Hannibal's still erect cock. Hannibal thinks back to his fantasy of wanting to push his knot into Will's willing mouth and he moans. Will seems to know what he is thinking and before he can even say a word Will opens his mouth as wide as he can inviting Hannibal to push inside him. Hannibal moans and strokes a hand through Will's hair, he then slowly pushes his cock inside Will's mouth until the knot is pressing up against those soft lips.

Will sucks and relaxes his neck muscles, concentrating he breathes through his nose he allows as much of Hannibal's knot inside him as he can. Hannibal moans and grips Will's hair at the heavenly feeling of Will like this; on his knees, mouth completely filled as he gags a little and his eyes are watering but he takes it all. Hannibal cannot help but come again and Will somehow manages to let it all flow down his throat.

Eventually Hannibal removes himself from Will's mouth allowing him to breathe properly. Hannibal just takes a moment to watch Will knelt in front of him, chest heaving up and down as he catches his breath, reaching out he strokes a hand through Will's hair. "Omega." Hannibal utters and Will smiles at being called that. He gets to his feet and kisses Hannibal pressing his body as close as he can, the kiss deepens as Hannibal tastes himself on Will's tongue, a taste he could never get tired of.

Will breaks the kiss and Hannibal looks at those swollen lips, he brushes a finger gently across them and Will whines a little. "Are you alright did I hurt you?" Hannibal whispers as he worries he got a bit carried away.

Will shakes his head “no Daddy, you could never hurt me. I trust you.”

“You can tell me if I do, promise me?” Hannibal brushes his thumb over this swollen lips and feels the tickle of Will’s response against his skin.

“I promise Daddy.” Will smiles and kisses Hannibal’s thumb taking the tip into his mouth and sucking it slightly.

“No, I am getting you a suit you tease.” Hannibal laughs and kisses Will gently before making his way over to the drawer, pulling up his trousers and underwear, to get Will another pair of boxers.

Will laughs and nods “yes Daddy.”

***

Will does eventually choose several suits he likes after Hannibal dresses him in them, teasing him with lingering touches and kisses. Neither is sure how long they spend together in that room getting distracted by each other, but Will is aching to get back to the apartment and remove the plug which feels like it might come out at any given moment.

As they leave Margot gives them both a knowing smile and Will cannot help but blush. He should feel embarrassed but the way Hannibal touches the small of his back, promising to go lower, makes Will feel so secure and turned on he realises he doesn’t care. They walk back to the apartment, shoulders brushing, in conspiratorial silence as they both know what is going to happen when they get back. Will cannot help but shake slightly with anticipation, Hannibal runs a hand down his back and leans into to whisper in his ear as they turn a corner “calm down omega all in good time, Daddy is going to get make you come, taste himself inside of you, and then run you a bath and make you come again.”

Will moans and they end up kissing for a long time under a bridge, not caring who sees them as Hannibal presses his body up against Will’s pinning him to the stone of the bridge just as he promised. Hannibal holds Will so close he wishes they could merge together in pleasure, he kisses that raised scent gland, runs his tongue across it tasting sweat and a slight tinge of something else which makes Hannibal think of heat and constant almost unconscious pleasure. They cannot seem to keep their hands from each other and Hannibal pushes any thoughts of what happens after this week from his mind as Will’s hands slip under his shirt, warm hands running down his bare skin.

Eventually Hannibal manages to break the kiss so they can take a moment to collect themselves before, hands entwined, they walk back to the apartment both filled with a joyous anticipation of pleasure tinged with dread at all of this ending.

Chapter End Notes

comments are Will's blushes and kudos are Hannibal's sighs as he gives in to the inevitable

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Will feels like he is not sure he can find the right words at this moment but he also knows if he doesn't he might never be able to, he feels like he might explode if he doesn't say what he hopes they are both thinking. "I…" Hannibal stops him and places a finger on those cherry red lips and smiles.

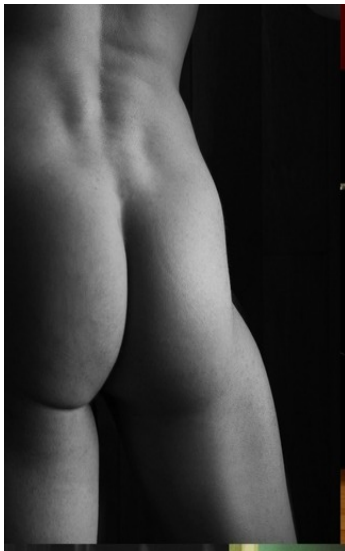
"I know, I know but let's not say it now. We will, I will, I do." Hannibal whispers as tears almost form in his eyes because he knows what Will was going to say, that this feeling, this connection can be nothing other than love, than soul bonds forever. Hannibal also knows that if he hears Will say those words right now he might not recover, he knows they need to talk, they need to figure out what happens after this week but right now all he wants to do is worship his boy, show him he loves him with every kiss and touch. Anything else they are just not ready for right now.

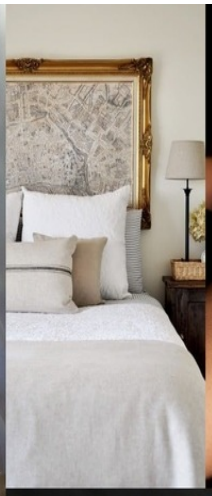
Hannibal brushes his finger across Will's lips and then kisses him deeply. "Let me undress you."

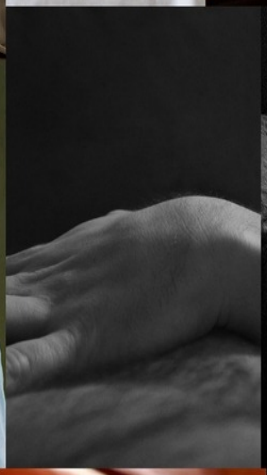
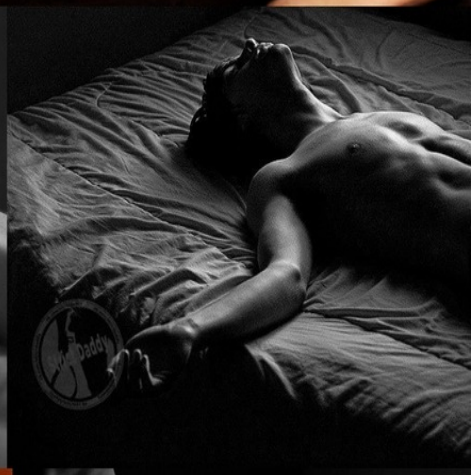
Chapter Notes

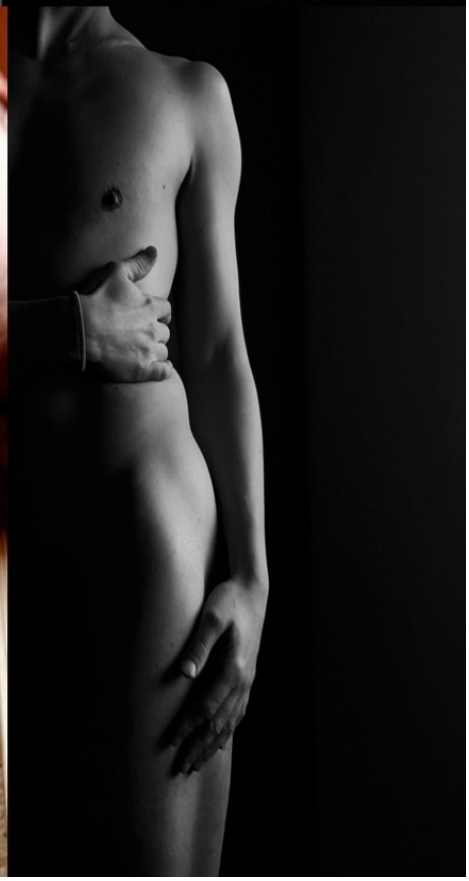
some pictures in banner from justanothertart

See the end of the chapter for more notes







Hannibal pushes Will up against the door as it closes, devouring his still swollen lips in a bruising kiss, now they are finally back in the apartment, the urgency of being together feels like it might consume them both. Will can hardly catch his breath as he feels the length of Hannibal's body pressed up so close to him. Breaking the kiss Hannibal finds Will's neck and licks a stripe over that tempting scent gland, Will leans his head back encouraging more. He thinks about what it would feel like to have Hannibal bite him, to be bonded, he moans at the thought. He is starting to realise that is what he wants. When he is around Hannibal it is all he wants and nothing else.

Will is starting to feel too hot so he shrugs off his jacket letting it fall to the ground uncaring. Hannibal all the while is unbuttoning Will's shirt to access more of his neck licking and biting at those wonderful tendons. Feeling like he cannot be close enough to Hannibal, Will manages to jump up and wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist and his arms around his neck. Hannibal holds him easily and he kisses him again, he then carries Will to the bedroom and places him gently on the bed. "Daddy?" Will asks wriggling slightly as Hannibal braces himself above him, their faces so close they can feel each others breath mingle on their skin.

"Yes." Hannibal replies as he looks down at this miraculously beautiful boy beneath him, his neck and chest rising and falling, legs still wrapped around Hannibal's waist and arms still around his neck.

Will feels like he is not sure he can find the right words at this moment but he also knows if he doesn't he might never be able to, he feels like he might explode if he doesn't say what he hopes they are both thinking. "I…" Hannibal stops him and places a finger on those cherry red lips and smiles.

"I know, I know but let's not say it now. We will, I will, I do." Hannibal whispers as tears almost form in his eyes because he knows what Will was going to say, that this feeling, this connection can be nothing other than love, than soul bonds forever. Hannibal also knows that if he hears Will say those words right now he might not recover, he knows they need to talk, they need to figure out what happens after this week but right now all he wants to do is worship his boy, show him he loves him with every kiss and touch. Anything else they are just not ready for right now.

Hannibal brushes his finger across Will's lips and then kisses him deeply. "Let me undress you." He whispers and Will nods unable to find words right now it all feels so overwhelming. Hannibal chastely kisses Will's forehead as Will removes his legs and arms from Hannibal who stands and picks up one of Will's legs to remove his shoe and sock. He repeats the process on the other foot and holds them together in his hands and kisses the arch of each delicate foot making Will smile. Reaching down he undoes the fly of Will's jeans so he can tug them off his hips and down his legs. Once Will's thighs are revealed Hannibal kisses a line down both of them feeling the warmth beneath his lips. Will is now left in just the white shirt and his snug boxers.

Standing up Hannibal removes all his clothes as quickly as he can, not caring where they end up, soon he is naked and watching as Will shimmies further up the bed so Hannibal can lie on top of him, Will making room between his legs. Hannibal kisses Will's neck again and bites at his collarbone before making his way further down, hands bunching the shirt up as they scrape against soft skin, Hannibal finds a nipple and pinches it. Hannibal then undoes the shirt completely to reveal the entirety of Will's chest, bringing one hand to Will's left nipple he strokes his finger over the nub and Will arches his back and moans. "So sensitive." Hannibal whispers in awe of the way Will responds to him, he does it again, pressing a little harder so Will moans louder.

Hannibal moves further down Will's chest so he can place an open mouthed kiss to the nipple, sucking it into his mouth. "Daddy!" Will breathes out in a groan as he arches his back up again. Hannibal smiles and then places another long, lingering open mouthed kiss to Will's nipple, taking his time. Will feels every suck and swipe of tongue and it makes his whole body tremble. Hannibal moves to the other nipple and begins the same treatment leaving a sheen of saliva that Will can feel when the air hits it, making him shiver in the best possible way. Will hands go to Hannibal's hair and grip at the strands causing the sweetest moan to leave Hannibal's lips which Will can feel on his skin.

Making his way down from Will's nipple Hannibal kisses a trail down the centre dip in Will's chest, licking and sucking at the pale skin as he does. Will's hands fall from Hannibal's hair and ball in the sheets as Hannibal gets lower and lower, kissing everywhere except where Will needs him to. Will can feel the plug is now being pushed to its maximum as more slick forms and mixes with the cum inside him, he groans as he starts to feel the pressure build inside him. Hannibal eventually reaches Will's cock and presses a kiss to the fabric of his underwear before slipping his fingers under the waistband and removing them, throwing them to the floor. Will's erect and leaking cock is revealed, Hannibal wets his lips before licking a stripe up the shaft and kissing the tip. Eyes on Will, Hannibal takes Will's cock fully into his mouth; hands grip onto Will's hips and press in, leaving a mark as Will whines and knows it will not take him long to come and he also knows it will be the first orgasm of many.

Hannibal sucks and licks Will's cock until he comes with a long whine, closing his eyes and fisting the sheets as he attempts to buck his hips up despite being kept firmly in place by Hannibal's hands. After Will comes Hannibal gently removes the shirt from Will and throws it on the floor before he maneuvers Will so he is led on his front. Hannibal can see the rose plug then, nestled in-between those cheeks, straining to be released. Leaning forward Hannibal kisses all round the plug and Will moans and whines, needing Hannibal to free him from this delicious torment. Hannibal eventually takes pity on Will and grasps the edge of the plug and twists it, pulling it out part ways as slick and cum leaks from around it. Will groans in relief as some of the pressure is released. Hannibal smiles and slowly pulls it out completely.

The obscene sight which greets Hannibal as slick and cum leak out from Will's still stretched, and still a little red, hole is glorious. Hannibal hums his approval as Will whines feeling everything leak from his body, it feels simultaneously a little embarrassing and wonderfully debauched.

Hannibal moans as he dips a finger in the fluid spreading it around Will's hole he cannot help but press his finger inside that warm, waiting passage still loose around his finger as Will lifts his ass up chasing more. Hannibal puts another two fingers inside so he can press up against those walls and find that bundle of nerves.

"Daddy!" Will whines as he is already so overstimulated that the pressure Hannibal is using is verging on painful. "Yes, oh yes, more!"

Hannibal smiles, proud of his boy and how well he takes this torture. Hannibal licks the plug clean with a moan and then places it gently on the bed for use later. "Daddy wants to fuck you again." Hannibal moans as he pushes the foreskin back on his cock and strokes the shaft already anticipating how it is going to feel to be inside his omega once more; his knot already forming longing to locked inside.

"Please Daddy!" Will whines with need, he wants Hannibal inside him, he wants that feeling of almost painful arousal he thinks he might come again at just the thought of it. Hannibal grabs Will's slender hips in his hands and raises them as he sits up on his knees. Will moans at being manhandled so his ass is in the air, presenting like an omega should for his alpha; managing to gingerly raise himself up so he is on all fours he looks at Hannibal over his shoulder. The sight of the alpha behind him strong and ready, large erect, already leaking, cock with the slight swell of his knot; Will cannot help but moan. "Fuck me alpha!" Will moans and pushes his ass up as high as he can.

Hannibal takes a deep breath and grasps those hips tightly pressing his cock inside Will who lulls his head forward at the sensation, he presses all the way in so he is seated fully inside and Will moans loudly; feeling the slick, cum as well as Hannibal's cock now all inside him. "Yes Alpha!" Will moans as he truly feels like an omega right now. Feeling the need and desire for him from his Daddy Alpha behind him; ready to fuck him until he comes over and over again. His cock flinches at the thought and Hannibal smiles gripping those slender hips he thrusts hard into Will.

Will is shaking as Hannibal continues to fuck him, he has never felt anything like this before he is almost overcome with ecstasy, every nerve in his body is on fire. Just as Will is about to come again, Hannibal can feel the tightening of the muscles around his cock, Hannibal reaches up and grabs the sweat dampened curls of Will's hair with one hand and pulls them so his neck and back is arched. Will shouts out "Daddy!" as he comes loudly, cum spilling all over the freshly changed sheets. Hannibal continues to fuck him through this orgasm as he watches the way Will's muscles twitch and spasm as he comes.

Hannibal's knot is almost fully swollen now and Will can feel it pressing up against his hole with every thrust but he also knows Hannibal is going to keep him waiting for it, coaxing out more

orgasms from him. Hannibal pulls Will's hair, pulling him up so his back is flush against Hannibal's chest. Will makes an low moaning noise as he is manhandled to this new position as Hannibal keeps him in place with a hand across his chest. Another harsh thrust from Hannibal makes Will lean his head back onto Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal appreciates this angle as he can see Will's cock flinching back to life, still dripping cum from his last orgasm, he licks and bites Will's neck as he continuing to fuck into him.

Once Will is hard again, Hannibal strokes his hand down and grasps Will's cock moving his hand up and down the shaft at the same speed that he fucks him. "I want you to come again before you have my knot omega, I know you can do it.'"

Will bites his lower lips and pushes his ass back against Hannibal "yes, Daddy, I can come on your cock over and over again."

Hannibal bites and licks at the shell of Will's ear before whispering hotly "yes, yes you can, come for your daddy while he fucks you omega." These words and Hannibal's hand on him are more than enough to make Will moan loudly and come again over Hannibal's hand.

"Good boy." Hannibal whispers and brings his now cum covered hand up to Will's waiting mouth, he pushes his wet fingers between Will's lips as he steadies Will with his other hand on his hip. "Taste yourself." Hannibal commands as Will licks and sucks Hannibal's fingers while Hannibal gently rolls his hips continuing to fuck him, teasing Will with the increased pressure of his knot. Will is pushing his ass back as much as he can making sure Hannibal knows what he wants.

Hannibal smiles and kisses Will's neck as he continues to lick Hannibal's fingers clean. "Do you want my knot omega?"

"Please, yes Daddy, please!" Will moans as Hannibal removes his fingers from Will's mouth.

Hannibal holds Will steady, one arm across his chest and the other hand gripping his hip, slowly so Will can feel his muscles expand almost painfully, Hannibal pushes his knot through the gently resisting muscles, until he is taken in and they are locked together. Will moans and Hannibal sighs with relief as he finally comes inside Will. They stay in that position for a moment just enjoying being linked as Hannibal presses kisses to Will's neck, feeling the rise and fall of Will's chest under his arm.

Eventually Hannibal manages to manhandle them both so they are led on the their sides so Hannibal can reach down and gently play with Will's cock, his hand idly running up and down the shaft making Will whimper, so overstimulated already he thinks he might pass out. Hannibal can feel that Will is getting hard again as he smiles and presses a kiss to Will's shoulder, amazed that he will be able to coax one more orgasm from him. Shifting his hips, stroking Will's hair with his other hand he squeezes Will's cock slightly causing Will to come painfully over Hannibal's hand before passing out with the word "Daddy!" on his lips.

Hannibal watches Will as he sleeps, stroking a hand down his side, Hannibal comes softly twice more just from the sensation of being so close to Will. He watches as the tendons on his neck move as he breathes, his adams apple bobs up and down. The sight is a glorious one and Hannibal wants to keep this image in his mind forever. Eventually he also falls into a peaceful sleep holding Will in his arms, back pressed up against his stomach, legs entwined.

Chapter End Notes

comments are Will's overstimulated moans and kudos are Hannibal's awe of Will's sensitive nipples

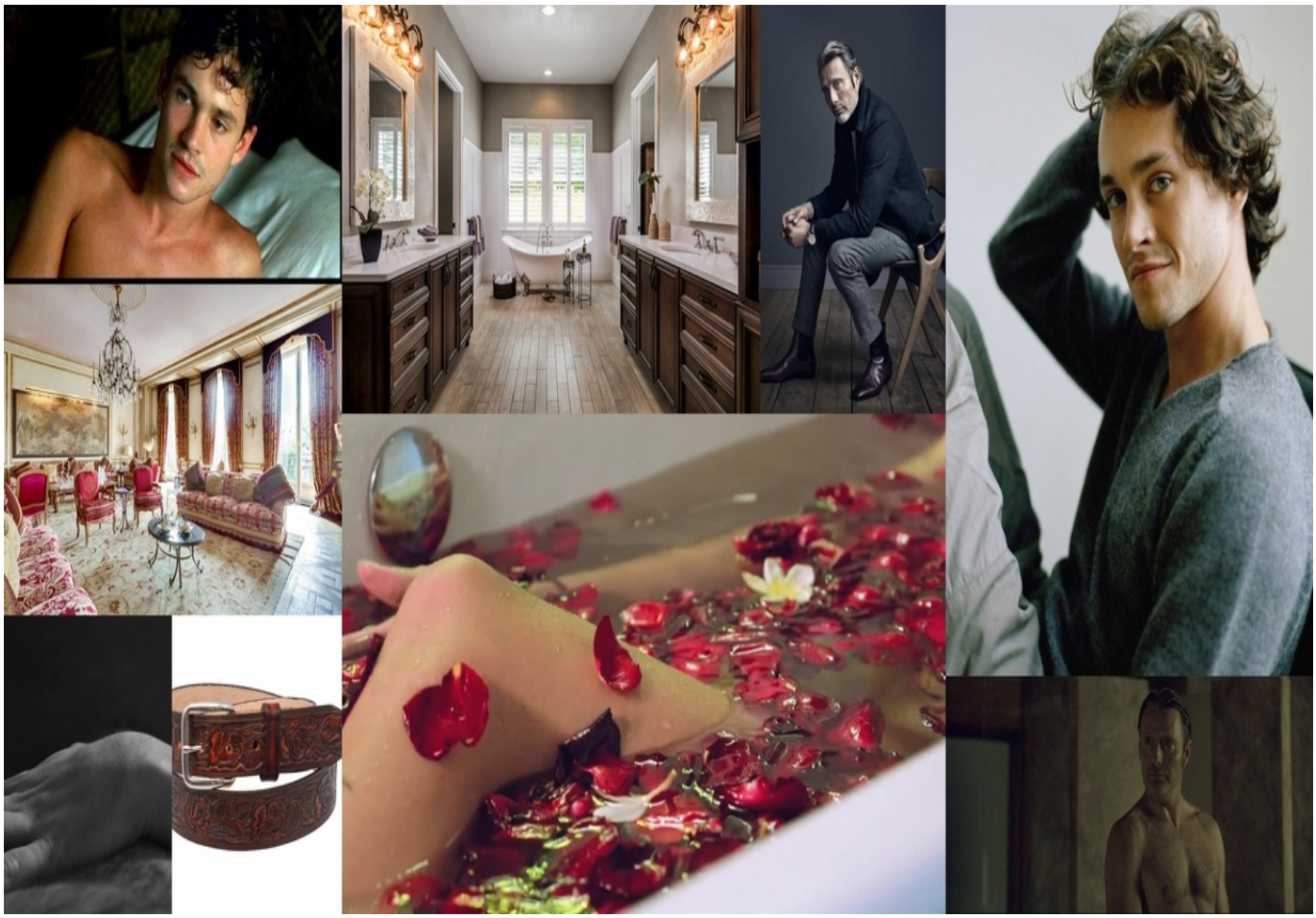
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

> Will sighs and then with slightly trembling hands opens the drawstring and removes the collar from inside the bag. The collar is made from soft, supple brown leather, not too thick and not too thin, on the outside there are roses faintly carved in the leather going all the way around, it is delicate and intricate work. Will brushes his hand over the soft flowers, he then sees there is an inscription on the inside of the collar just before the buckle with is a dull gold, he picks it up to look closer. The inscription says ‘for W, love D’.
>
> “Do you like it?” Hannibal whispers as his hand brushes a stray curl from Will’s neck.
>
> Will wants to weep at how beautiful it is, how subtle but stunning it is. Hannibal reaches down and takes it from Will, they turn so they are facing each other, the collar resting across both their hands. “It is a promise.” Hannibal says as he manages to meet Will’s eyes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes



Hannibal had woken first and watched Will sleep a little longer, before carefully leaving the bed and going to the bathroom to draw a bath for them. He used the rose petals and soothing scented bath salts as well as lighting a few candles. The bathroom itself is huge, it was one of the reasons he had chosen this apartment, the clawfoot bathtub large enough for two and the shower had two separate shower heads in the one large glass and marble enclosed space. Two sinks and many heated towel rails for the expensive fluffy bath sheets Hannibal preferred. He had only shared this space with a couple of people and never for this long. Now this place felt like his and Will's alone and he imagined revisiting it in their dreams; and hopefully again in real life.

Shaking his head to free himself from any thoughts of the future, he turns on the shower and quickly washes off the cum and slick that has dried on him. He leaves the shower running for Will to do the same, before drying himself off and wrapping a towel around his waist, he makes his way to the bedroom to wake his sleeping beauty. Will has already stirred by the time he gets there and is lounging on his back like a cat stretching in the sun. Hannibal smiles at the sight.

"Hey." Will says seeing him "I heard you in the bathroom."

"I am sorry if I woke you, I drew us a bath." Hannibal says edging closer to the bed, running a hand over Will's delicate feet. "If you like you can have a shower and then we can bathe together."

Will smiles, nods and stretches again, he ache in all the right places, and he could definitely use a shower. Hannibal watches as Will gets up from the bed; stopping to kiss him before he makes his way to the shower. While Will gets cleaned up, Hannibal changes the sheets, cleans the rose plug, placing it back in a silk drawstring bag and putting it on the bedside table. Once back in the bathroom he finds Will getting out of the shower, water droplets temptingly running down his body. Hannibal removes his towel and gets in the bath and Will joins him lying on top of him, back against Hannibal's chest, head resting on his shoulder.

"This is perfect." Will sighs as he lets the hot water soothe him.

Hannibal smiles and kisses the top of Will's hair. "You are perfect."

Will laughs and they both close their eyes, enjoying being this close to each other. Both their bodies finally relaxing as they fit together so perfectly. Hannibal is not sure he has ever felt this at peace before, his mind a blissful blank as he enjoys the mingling scents of roses and Will.

Hannibal idly begins to brush his hand down Will's chest, feeling the soft yielding skin, he

presses his nose against the crook of Will's neck finding that wonderful scent gland. Will leans back into the touch as Hannibal places kisses softly down his neck. "Mmm Daddy." Will whispers, he could stay like this forever in Hannibal's arms.

"Can I tell you now?" Will whispers with his eyes still closed.

Hannibal breathes out a sigh "you don't have to."

Will opens his eyes and cranes his neck to look up at Hannibal who opens his eyes feeling Will's movement; Hannibal looks down at him and smiles and nods. "I love you." Will says simply and smiles before moving his head back, closing his eyes and breathing out a sigh of relief. It is such a simple thing for him, it is the truth and it cannot be changed, he loves this alpha and that is not going to change, no matter what happens between them. Hannibal takes in those words and feels his heart swell, yet at the same time a creeping fear is forming, he worries about Will, he worries about ruining his bright future, of being selfish to keep him for himself when he is still so young. However he also knows he loves Will and that it cannot be denied, they are one and they cannot be separated. They may not be bonded but love is a bond too, and he feels love for this wonderful boy in every fibre of his being, he always has from the moment they met.

"I love you too." Hannibal whispers and closes his eyes once more allowing the moment to settle between them.

Will shifts around in the bath so he is facing Hannibal, water sloshes over the side and Hannibal laughs, Will braces himself,hands on the edge of the bath, just above Hannibal. Leaning down he kisses Hannibal who embraces him pulling Will closer so his hands slip from the side of the bath. Will moves again, so yet more water sloshes over the side, so he can straddle Hannibal and press up closer to him. He can feel Hannibal is aroused, he has been ever since they led together in this warm bath. Will has slick forming inside leaking from him into the bath water. Hannibal moans because he can smell and feel the heat coming from Will as he prepares to take Hannibal inside him again. Will lowers himself onto Hannibal's cock as Hannibal sits up so Will can wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist. Hannibal has one hand in Will's hair and the other stroking down his back as Will slowly fucks himself on Hannibal's cock.

Torturously slow rolls of Will's hips are making Hannibal moan as he looks up at his boy, lost to his own pleasure, water drips down his chest, small rivulets of water, there are rose petals stuck to his skin too, he looks like a nymph. Hannibal continues to look up in awe as Will arches his neck back and moans. Will's hands are wrapped around Hannibal's neck stroking the nape of his neck with wet fingers. "Daddy, Alpha, yes!" Will moans as he continues those steady and slow rolls of

hips which are driving Hannibal insane. Hannibal moves the hand that is in Will's hair to one of the rose petals stuck to Will's chest; he moves it with his finger so it covers the nub of Will's nipple, pressing down feeling that little mound under the soft, wet velvet of the petal.

Will moans long and loud as Hannibal plays with his nipples using the soft brush of the wet petal, alternating between the two nipples and occasionally leaning forward to suck them in an opened mouthed kiss, feeling Will's back arch towards him every time. It is slow and sensual, waves in the bath water slowly roll over them sometimes spilling over the side. Will eventually manages to open his eyes and meet Hannibal's adoring expression as he rolls his hips. They stare into each other and it makes Hannibal want to weep at how beautiful Will looks above him; and how wonderful he feels as he fucks himself to his own pleasure on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal lowers the hand that was on Will's back to his ass and gently encourages him to roll his hips a little harder. Will smirks then moans as he does thrust a little harder, Hannibal's cock hitting that sweet spot. Will's own cock bobs untouched between them in the warm water, Hannibal's eyes are drawn to the wonderful sight as Will removes one hand from Hannibal's neck and begins to touch himself. "You remember the dream we had." Will whispers, his voice breathless with desire, "where you watched me touch myself?"

Hannibal does remember, he remembers vividly, "yes, you were so beautiful in my bed, touching yourself thinking about me."

Will smiles and moans "the real thing is better." Will is close now he can feel everything in his body getting warmer, those nerve endings tingling with anticipation. "Daddy!"

Hannibal squeezes Will's ass and runs his hand down Will's chest, taking the rose petal with him, he takes over from Will and moves his hand up and down Will's cock. "Yes!" Will cries out as he feels that rose petal in those strong hands stroking his cock. Will thrusts his hips in slow but harder rolls until he comes over Hannibal's hand, his cum mixing with the water. The feeling of Will coming pushes Hannibal over the edge and he comes hard, leaning his head back and whimpering "omega" as Will pushes himself down to take Hannibal's knot; his body easily accommodating it now.

Will sits above Hannibal now as he moves his head back again to meet Will's eyes; they both smile before Will leans forward and begins to kiss Hannibal, softly at first. He teases Hannibal with chaste brushes of his lips, soft bites of his lower lip before allowing him inside. They stay thier together entwined in rose petal water, kissing and moaning until the water cools and Hannibal's knot finally deflates.

***

On their last day in Paris Hannibal had insisted on taking Will back to Margot's shop, he said he wanted to get him one more present before they left. It had been a blissful few days of wonderful sex, baths together, waking up and going to sleep in each others arms. Will had never felt so content in his life and that worry of what was going to happen next between them was only starting to come to the forefront. Hannibal felt much the same, happy and content, Will's scent instantly soothing to him now, but that worry and dread was becoming more insistent with every moment their departure edged closer.

They arrive at Margot's shop and are greeted warmly by her. She shows them into one of the smaller back rooms where there are low cabinets with glass tops glinting in the soft light. She hands Hannibal a set of keys, kisses him on the cheek and tells him to take his time, she gently squeezes Will's hand before she slips out. "What is this place?" Will asks as he begins to look around.

Will can see now the cabinets have a velvet lined drawer with a glass top so you can see the objects beneath. All of them collars, he looks at all the different cases, there are some simple leather ones made from expensive italian leather which look soft and beautiful. There are others made of diamonds glinting in the light of the room, some with silk ribbons or velvet, some with silver clasps, others gold. The array of choices is mesmerizing but Will's eyes are most drawn to the simple leather ones. Hannibal comes up behind him and smiles "I thought you would like those."

Reaching in front of Will, Hannibal opens the first drawer of the cabinet with the leather collars and takes out a large beige drawstring bag which he then places on top of the glass. "This is the one I chose for you, but you can have any of them if you prefer."

Wil runs a hand over the bag and closes his eyes for a moment as he takes in what Hannibal is suggesting. Opening his eyes he looks up at Hannibal behind him "these are bonding collars?"

Hannibal smiles and nods "yes."

"We are not bonded." Will says as his eyes travel back to the bag in front of him.

"Open it." Hannibal says softly and kisses the shell of Will's ear. "Humour me for a moment."

Will sighs and then with slightly trembling hands opens the drawstring and removes the collar from inside the bag. The collar is made from soft, supple brown leather, not too thick and not too thin, on the outside there are roses faintly carved in the leather going all the way around, it is delicate and intricate work. Will brushes his hand over the soft flowers, he then sees there is an inscription on the inside of the collar just before the buckle with is a dull gold, he picks it up to look closer. The inscription says *'for W, love D'* .

"Do you like it?" Hannibal whispers as his hand brushes a stray curl from Will's neck.

Will wants to weep at how beautiful it is, how subtle but stunning it is. Hannibal reaches down and takes it from Will, they turn so they are facing each other, the collar resting across both their hands. "It is a promise." Hannibal says as he manages to meet Will's eyes.

"Of what?" Will says he doesn't mean to be ungrateful, but he is so fearful of losing what they have, of Hannibal rejecting him once they are back home. "What can you promise me?"

Hannibal sighs "I can promise you that I love you, that this connection between us is real and that I will always be here for you no matter what happens."

"You won't bond with me?" Will hasn't actually brought up the subject of bonding yet, it has been there between them since the moment they met, neither of them voicing it. Now they are here and Hannibal is giving him a bonding collar, he feels unsteady, they part ways tomorrow, back to their old lives of student and teacher, seeing each other in dreams. "Do you want to bond with me?"

Hannibal squeezes Will hands "yes, my love, yes I do more than anything in the world but it is not that simple. You have a life, you have a future, a promising future with the FBI and they do not accept bonded omega's because of the danger involved in the job you know this."

Will feels a little like screaming, as at no point has Hannibal asked him what he wants, he has just assumed what is best for him. "I want to bond with you. You know I do."

Hannibal had not heard Will say it, too scared to ask, too scared for him to say yes and terrified he would say no. "Will, I love you and I want to bond with you but now is not the right time. This is all I can give you, a promise, a promise of more when the moment comes. You have my devotion, my love and my faithfulness."

Will smiles as really that is all he can ask for at this moment, with tears in his eyes he nods “as you have mine.”

Chapter End Notes

comments are the delicate roses on Will's collar and kudos are the rose petals in the bath

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

> “You are wearing the collar.” Hannibal simply says as he reaches him and takes Will’s wrist in his hand bringing it to his lips, placing a chaste kiss across the leather and pale, warm skin of Will’s wrist.
>
> Will smiles “of course, Daddy.” He whispers and Hannibal looks up at him, all he wants to do is kiss him. “I am wearing the other present you bought me too.”
>
> Hannibal’s eyes widen as he now understands the squirming, the flush of Will’s skin and now that he is close he can definitely smell arousal. Will is wearing the plug as well. “Omega.” Hannibal breathes out in awe.
>
> Will leans in and whispers in Hannibal’s ear “I wish it was your cock, it is a poor substitute.”
>
> Hannibal brings his spare hand up to the nape of Will’s neck and pulls him closer “my office in twenty minutes.”
>
> “Yes Daddy.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once they returned Hannibal felt a loss the moment he stepped into his house, alone again, the house seemed even larger than before, the rooms just caverns, his bed an empty ocean without his nymph. He had unpacked, then cooked an early dinner; pouring himself a large glass of red wine to try and ease some of the pain. Eventually he had made it up to bed and tried to sleep hoping to meet Will in his dreams; at least that might assuage some of the loneliness he was feeling. However, no matter how hard he tried, he just could not get to sleep, everytime he closed his eyes all he could see was Will looking up at him in Margot's shop, wide eyed with hope, holding the bonding collar between them. He sighed as thoughts went through his head of how they were going to get through the next few weeks. How they were going to get through the next few years.

Eventually Hannibal falls asleep it is fitful and light but Will finds him and eases him with that smile. "Daddy, are you alright?" Will asks as he straddles him gently rocking his hips as he rides Hannibal's cock, hands resting on Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal moans as Will gives another particularly wonderful thrust, a blush rising on his pale chest with the exertion of pleasure. "I am now my love." Hannibal moans as he brings his hands to grip at Will's hips encouraging his movement. "I am now."

Will smiles and leans his head back showing his neck to Hannibal as he thrusts a little harder and bites his lower lip "mmmm Daddy, I missed you."

Hannibal moans "I missed you too my sweet omega."

They are in Hannibal's bed, sheets scattered with deep red rose petals, the air is heavy with their perfume, mixing with Will's own unique scent. Will is beautiful above him, pale skin with a slight flush, nipples pink and erect begging to be kissed and touched, legs warm and solid next to

Hannibal's, perfect hips rolling and that wonderful omegan cock bobbing and leaking between them. His hair too has a slight damp sheen to it from sweat and as if he has just got out of the shower, his neck, long and needing to bitten, he is lovely and he makes Hannibal ache with desire. "Daddy wants to see you come, will you come for me?"

Will smiles and moans because of course he will and of course he can, as he fucks himself on Hannibal's wonderful cock. He straightens his gaze and presses down on Hannibal's chest as he comes, white, hot liquid spilling on Hannibal's stomach. Will comes untouched and with a long whine of "Daddy" as he pushes himself down onto Hannibal's knot taking it as easily as he did in Paris. He comes once more before Hannibal too follows loudly. Will smiles and whispers "see you tomorrow Daddy" before they both succumb to orgasm and consciousness.

***

Hannibal is dreading the lecture as much as he is filled with a child like exuberant anticipation of just seeing Will again. He will not be able to touch him, kiss him, run his hands through his hair, ravage him with kisses but at least he will be able to set eyes on him again. It will have to be enough to sustain him for now. The students are filing in and it seems to take forever until Hannibal spots Will making his way to his usual spot at the top of the seating. They give each other only a cursory nod as Hannibal leans against his desk watching everyone take their seats. Will runs a hand through his hair and Hannibal just about manages to suppress a gasp and smile as he sees that Will has the bonding collar wrapped around his wrist. It looks beautiful next to his delicate skin and Hannibal longs to kiss it and feel the leather against Will's delicate bones.

He begins the lecture and attempts to concentrate on what he is saying but this is made increasingly difficult by the distracting way Will is wriggling about in his seat. Hannibal may be going mad but he swears he can smell that sweet tinge of arousal he knows so well from Will. It seems impossible in a room so filled with people, but Hannibal is convinced he can smell it and if he is not mistaken there is a slight blush to Will's cheeks and a sheen of sweat on his brow. At some point Will removes the scarf around his neck and Hannibal can swear he can see a red flush on his neck too, one he is all too familiar with, he almost loses it completely when he remembers their dream last night.

Eventually the lecture is finished and everyone files out, Hannibal dismisses Matthew who is lingering around as usual. Will is waiting just like he always does for the rest of the class to leave. Hannibal waits until everyone has gone before closing the door to the lecture room, it does not have a lock so anyone could still walk in, but he hopes they can steal a moment. Will is making his way down the steps to Hannibal's desk where he waits patiently for Hannibal to come back to him.

“You are wearing the collar.” Hannibal simply says as he reaches him and takes Will’s wrist in his hand bringing it to his lips, placing a chaste kiss across the leather and pale, warm skin of Will’s wrist.

Will smiles “of course, Daddy.” He whispers and Hannibal looks up at him, all he wants to do is kiss him. “I am wearing the other present you bought me too.”

Hannibal’s eyes widen as he now understands the squirming, the flush of Will’s skin and now that he is close he can definitely smell arousal. Will is wearing the plug as well. “Omega.” Hannibal breathes out in awe.

Will leans in and whispers in Hannibal’s ear “I wish it was your cock, it is a poor substitute.”

Hannibal brings his spare hand up to the nape of Will’s neck and pulls him closer “my office in twenty minutes.”

“Yes Daddy.”

***

Hannibal waits in his office, he has turned out all the lights and locked the door, resolutely pretending he is not home. His hands are shaking and he feels light headed, every breath is makes him shake, every heartbeat feels like thunder in his chest. Constantly checking his watch, he watches as the seconds and minutes pass. He listens for any footsteps coming down the corridor, Will’s or someone else’s. This time of day is usually quiet, other professors and students in lectures or out of the building. After what seems like an eternity he hears a soft knock on his door, he gets up, walks to the door and hears the softest murmur of “Daddy” behind it, he smiles and opens the door locking it behind Will who quickly slips inside.

The moment Will is inside and the door locked Hannibal presses himself against Will, he pulls tha scarf from Will’s neck and drops it to the floor, brushing his nose up against the raised scent gland. The moment Hannibal inhales that wonderful redolence his whole body relaxes, he feels every inch of tension leave him and a warm comforting glow surround him. He sighs “Omega” into Will’s neck as he scents every inch of that pale, soft skin. Will feels warm and there is a tinge of something new in his scent, a heat that Hannibal cannot help but chase. Will leans back and lets Hannibal place chaste kisses on his skin as he too finally relaxes.

“Alpha.” Will mumbles as he brings his hands to run through Hannibal’s hair, encouraging the scenting. It feels so good to be close again, he had not realised how much his body had needed Hannibal, his touch, his body, his mouth on his skin. Will can feel more slick forming against the plug and he moans as Hannibal finally reaches his mouth to devour him in a kiss. One of Hannibal’s hands runs down Will’s back to cup his ass under his jacket, finding the hard rose immediately and pressing down so that Will whines with need. “Daddy!”

Hannibal smiles into Will’s neck and kisses the curve “you need to be quiet no one can know we are here.”

“Will you fuck me though Daddy? Please?” Will whimpers as Hannibal takes a small amount of shoulder between his teeth and bites down.

“Let me see your present.” Hannibal growls as he manages to part from Will slightly, enough for Will to breath for a moment. Will smiles, he shrugs off his jacket letting it fall to the floor with his scarf, undoing the flies of his jeans he wriggles out of them and his underwear and then turns around lifting his shirt up so Hannibal can see the pink glass rose nestled there temptingly between Will’s cheeks. Immediately Hannibal falls to his knees, hands grasping Will’s cheeks and pulling them apart a little so he can kiss around the rose. Will whimpers as he braces himself against the door. “Remember you need to be quiet.” Hannibal whispers as he places a sucking kiss against the soft flesh of Will’s ass.

Will bites down on his hand to stop himself from crying out as Hannibal kisses and bites around the plug, hands grasping so hard there are sure to be marks. Eventually Hannibal pulls the plug out slightly, twisting it a little, watching as slick drips from the space; he licks up the drop of slick and Will can feel that hot wet tongue, so close to where he wants it, and he bites down even harder on his hand. Hannibal smiles “shhhh, my love, Daddy will take good care of his omega.”

Hannibal pulls the plug out completely and watches as yet more slick runs out, he sucks the plug dry before licking around Will’s hole. Will leans back, pushing his ass out chasing Hannibal’s tongue. After what seems like forever Hannibal pushes his tongue completely inside Will’s wet, waiting hole. Dropping the plug on the floor Hannibal grasps Will’s thighs as he plunges inside. Will is shaking and whining now, he knows he will come just from this, untouched, with Hannibal on his knees behind him, tongue plunging in and out, licking and biting, those fingers pressed in hard on his thighs. It feels divine and he never wants it to end.

It does not take long for Will to come, he presses his head against the door and bites down hard on the flesh of his hand as he does. Hannibal continues to lick him as he comes until he is shaking and

trembling, leaning against the door in an attempt to stand upright. Brushing his hand around the curve of Will's ass, Hannibal stands up and kisses the curve of Will's neck, that scent even stronger now he has come. Will turns around to face Hannibal so he can kiss him deeply and run his hands through his hair again. "I want you on your chair, I had a fantasy about you, sat there with me riding your cock while you played with my nipples."

Hannibal moans and devours his boy in another kiss, Will smiles as he always gets what he wants. They both remove the rest of their clothes, shoes and socks leaving a trail to the desk where Hannibal sits down. Will smiles and then with his back to Hannibal lowers himself onto Hannibal's cock, hooking his feet around Hannibal's calves and bracing himself on the arms of the chair. Will moves fast, almost removing himself completely from Hannibal before slamming back down again. Hannibal moans, biting his bottom lip to stop himself from crying out. As requested Hannibal reaches up and pinches and plays with Will's nipples as he fucks himself on Hannibal's cock.

Will is delirious with pleasure as he moves up and down on Hannibal's cock he comes once more from the sensation before easily taking Hannibal's knot and resting in his lap. Hannibal softly bites down on Will's shoulder as he comes inside Will. They both breathe a sigh of relief and satisfaction, as if they can both finally breathe again. "Omega." Hannibal mumbles as Will's head droops forward and he smiles.

Hannibal scents Will again unable to help burying his nose into that scent gland, he wishes he could bottle it somehow. "You are close to a heat." Hannibal whispers, he can smell the warmth, the slight tinge in the air almost spicy.

"Mmm, no not for a few months." Will mumbles, his eyes are closed in ecstasy as he feels Hannibal inside him, filling him up. "Just you, I just need you."

Hannibal smiles and hopes Will is right as he is worried about what a heat will do to his boy if he cannot see him through it. He needs to make arrangements for it, make sure they are together. He will talk to Will about it as soon as Will stops grinding his hips like that and making him come again and again until he is utterly spent.

Chapter End Notes

comments are the bonding collar wrapped around Will's wrist, kudos are the moans Will makes when Hannibal kisses his ass

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is woken from a dreamless sleep by the phone ringing. He wakes with a start. Sitting up straight in his bed, instantly aware that he is hot, too hot. He runs a hand over his face and finds his hand damp, his hair is wet and he realises his sheets and pyjama trousers are sodden with sweat. It takes a moment for him to realise where he is and that the phone is ringing, his landline, which almost never rings. After realising what is happening he reaches across to the phone beside his bed, noticing the time, three a.m., who could be calling him at this hour? He picks the phone up as he rubs his eyes to try and focus, he reaches for the lamp and turns it on at the same time as he says “hello?”

“Professor Lecter?” The voice on the other end is fragile and scared.

“Who is this?” He asks, still confused and more than a little irritated, as well feeling the beginnings of fear stirring in his stomach.

“Um sorry its Bev, Beverly Katz, is this Professor Lecter?” Her voice is shaky and it makes him open his eyes wide and one word fill his mind - Will.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal is woken from a dreamless sleep by the phone ringing. He wakes with a start. Sitting up straight in his bed, instantly aware that he is hot, *too hot* . He runs a hand over his face and finds his hand damp, his hair is wet and he realises his sheets and pyjama trousers are sodden with sweat. It takes a moment for him to realise where he is and that the phone is ringing, his landline, which almost never rings. After realising what is happening he reaches across to the phone beside his bed, noticing the time, three a.m., *who could be calling him at this hour?* He picks the phone up as he rubs his eyes to try and focus, he reaches for the lamp and turns it on at the same time as he says "hello?"

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"Um sorry its Bev, Beverly Katz, is this Professor Lecter?" Her voice is shaky and it makes him open his eyes wide and one word fill his mind *Will.*

"Yes, how did you get this number?" He asks.

"Much sleuthing." She says with a weary laugh. "It's Will, he's sick."

"Why are you calling me?" He hears himself say, his voice sounds far away as his brain is beginning to put the pieces together.

She sighs and he can almost hear her roll her eyes. "Look, I know I am not supposed to know and I don't, I don't actually know what is happening Will has told me nothing but I am not stupid. I live with him and he is my best friend. I know that you and he are…" she pauses and he can feel a world in that pause, "involved somehow. Look I don't care, I just care about Will and he needs you."

Hannibal can hear the worry and concern in her voice as he manages to sit up properly in the bed, his eyes finally begin to adjust to the light. "What has happened?"

“I am not sure, I heard him moaning and shouting, I found him in his room. I figured he might of been in heat but he wasn’t responding; he was soaked in sweat and looked liked he was having some kind of fit.” Hearing these words send a cold shiver down Hannibal’s spine and before he is fully conscious of what he is doing he swings his legs over the side of the bed and stands up. “I called an ambulance, they took him to John Hopkins, I am here now and they won’t tell me anything. They asked me if he a mate, or someone he was seeing, it seemed important. I didn’t mention you but as soon as they left I found your number at the nurses station and called.”

“I will be there in half an hour.” Hannibal says and hangs up the phone. Standing their in his bedroom he debates it for not even a second. He knows Bev would not have called him unless it was serious, and he can think of no-one who knows omegan biology better than Bedelia. Dialing her number he doesn’t care if he loses his job, Will’s life is more important and he knows how serious heat sickness can be. He waits for he groggy answer on the other line “Bedelia you have to come to John Hopkins. Now.”

***

Bev is still there when he arrives at the emergency ward, she looks pale and is pacing up and down the corridor outside Will’s room. She smiles with relief when she sees him. “She got him a private room.” Bevs says. “Doctor du Maurier.” She clarifies. “She arrived about twenty minutes ago and got him moved, she is assessing him now.”

Hannibal smiles and takes her hand “thank you for calling me.” He says and he means it, she must have been scared to do it.

“I hope I did the right thing.” She says nervously.

He nods “of course you did. I called Doctor du Maurier because she is the best in her field.”

Bev sighs and nods “okay, that’s good.”

They both stare at the door as it opens, Bedelia appears closing the door after her. “Ah good Hannibal you are here. Miss Katz you look exhausted you should go home and get some rest.”

“Is he going to be alright?” Bev says ringing her hands.

Bedelia steps forward and places a hand on Bev's shoulder "we are doing all we can, we will know more in the morning, now that Professor Lecter is here things should improve. You have done all you can for him, go home and call in the morning."

Bev nods and thanks her, aware she is being dismissed. They both watch her as she walks down the corridor, once she is out of earshot Bedelia turns her steely gaze on Hannibal. "What the hell were you thinking?"

Hannibal stand a little straighter, every muscle in his body wants to push her aside and race into that room, his hands curl into fists at his side and he can feel his nails pressing into his palms. Bedelia sighs and gently puts her hands on both his arms "Hannibal I need you to try to calm down for a second."

"How is he?" He says his voice sounds eerily calm and it makes Bedelia shiver.

"He has heat sickness. A bad case, I have sedated him and given him some suppressants. He needs to rest." She says her voice calm. "You have not bonded?"

Hannibal is looking over her shoulder at the door but at that question his eyes slowly move to meet hers "no."

"You love him." She says as a statement rather than a question, Hannibal nods. "He is the one you were talking about when you asked me about shared dreams?" She holds his arms a little tighter to focus him, she can feel the waves of protective Alpha pheromones coming from him.

"Yes." Hannibal answers and nods.

"How long have you been seeing him?" She has his gaze now and is trying to keep it. "I need to know Hannibal, I need you to tell me everything."

After a moment Hannibal takes a deep breath and physically relaxes his body; he un-clenches his fists as he looks up, tears form in his eyes and he bites his lower lip before managing to look back at Bedelia who does not let go of his arms. "Just tell me he is going to be okay?"

Bedelia sighs “he should be, but I need to know everything so I can make a full diagnosis. Bev caught it early so we should be able to stabilize him.” Tears are streaming down Hannibal’s face now as he nods slowly. “I will do everything I can Hannibal I promise you, but you need to realise you will need to bond with him.”

At those words Hannibal’s tears increase, he knew he would have to but he had hoped to put it off, he didn’t want any of this for Will. “I didn’t want this for him.”

“You should not have encouraged this.” Bedelia says evenly.

“I tried to stop, but he was so persistent and the connection was so strong.” Hannibal says.

“Okay, look we will deal with the fallout later - right now Will needs you. Tell me everything.” Bedelia leads him to the bank of chairs outside Will’s room and they both sit down. Hannibal takes a deep breath and tells her everything.

***

He tells Bedelia all of it as she patiently listens only asking a few clarifying questions, she takes notes of dates and time periods. Once they are finished she goes off to adjust the medications and order some more tests. Hannibal is finally allowed to see Will, his hand hovers over the door handle for a moment as he takes a deep breath before opening the door and going inside. He slips inside and closes the door behind him, leaning his head against the blind which has been pulled down over the pane of glass in the door. He takes a deep breath of the scent in the room, *Will, roses, spice, coffee, seasalt, fresh winter snow.*

Eventually he turns around and faces Will, he is asleep as Bedelia has him sedated, bare chested with a sheet and blanket just below his chest. He is still, stiller than Hannibal has ever seen him. He has a sheen of sweat over his skin though and it glistens in the low light of the room. He has an IV in his arm and monitors stuck on his chest, machines beep beside him. Hannibal moves closer to him and runs a hand through his hair, he leans down and kisses his forehead, he can feel the heat like a burn as his lips touch Will’s skin. Moving a chair closer to him, Hannibal sits and down and grasps Will’s hand in his, bringing his knuckles up to his lips. His other hand he brushes through Will’s damp curls.

“Omega.” He whispers and Will whimpers but doesn’t wake. “I am so sorry.” Hannibal can feel more tears stream down his face as he grasps Will’s hand in his, strands of his hair fall through his fingers. Hannibal thinks Will looks like sleeping beauty and he wishes his kiss could wake him but he knows he is under heavy sedation while they try to figure out the best combination of medications to give him. “My love, my beautiful boy, I am here, your alpha, your daddy, I am here.”

After around half an hour Bedelia returns, she injects something into Will’s IV before turning to Hannibal. “This should help. He should wake up in around an hour. When he does he will need you. I would prefer you to stay here.” Hannibal has not let go of Will’s hand as he looks up at Bedelia, the meaning of what she is saying sinking in. “Don’t worry I chose this room as it is completely private, sound proof, and I can turn on the security lock. No unauthorised access. The ensuite has a shower and fresh towels, everything you will need. There is an intercom I can use to let you know if I need to come in and you can use if you need anything.” She moves around Will removing his IV and monitors, pushing it all to the wall.

Hannibal watches her as she does this. “You want me to…” Hannibal cannot even finish the sentence. “Here?”

Bedelia smiles softly “he is in heat Hannibal, he needs his alpha, he needs you. The medication I have given him will help with the fever but he needs you.” Bedelia sighs “you will not be disturbed I guarantee it. Trust me, Hannibal, please.”

Hannibal looks up at her and he can see she means it, he knows she has already gone above and beyond for him, for Will. “Okay.”

“Just stay here with him, see him through this, don’t worry about the rest.” Bedelia moves around to the side of the bed Hannibal is sat, placing a hand on his shoulder. “He will be okay he just needs you.” He looks up at her and she moves her hand to his forehead, it feels clammy. “I think you are going into rut.” She can smell the pheromones too. “That should wake him too. You have this room as long as you need. A nurse will be stationed outside twenty fours hours, press the intercom if you need anything. Meals will be provided and I will be reachable anytime.”

Hannibal looks up at her and smiles “thank you.”

She smiles and nods before leaving, the door clicks shut behind her. Hannibal looks back at Will whose eyes are beginning to flicker under his eyelids as he finds his way back to consciousness. Hannibal can feel now that Bedelia is right he can feel his rut under his skin, like a slow need, so

close to the surface. Suddenly his clothes feel too constricting, he knows the moment Will wakes they will be lost to biology. He feels a little scared, the intensity of what is about to happen takes his breath away, he has never had a rut with an omega in heat before. He had always been alone or if he was with someone they were just convenient. This is completely different. This is Will, who he loves, who he knows he will bond with. When this is over, when they are both in their right mind, he wants it to be conscious and real, he needs them to both be in the room when it happens. “Omega” he whispers “my love, come to me.”

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos comfort Hannibal in his time of need xxx

(penultimate chapter of this part)

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Will can feel the pressure of Hannibal's knot as it begins to form, pressing up against him, he whimpers with need. The sound of it makes Hannibal growl and he almost loses control and bites Will then and there but manages to stop himself remembering the promise he made. "Alpha, please!" Will whines and extends his neck, pressing his skin against Hannibal's lips who can feel those tempting tendons and scent gland against his lips, grazing his teeth against them. "Soon, soon, I promise omega."

"Now, please now, please." Will whines and whimpers as he raises his hips again pushing up against Hannibal's knot allowing his body to painfully stretch and let Hannibal inside. They both shout as Hannibal is accepted into the tight heat of Will's inner walls. "Now, please do it now." Will reaches up with both hands to Hannibal's face and grabs him so they can look at each other "now, please I need you to. I know what it means, I know." Hannibal smiles as tears begin to form in his eyes as he looks down at his omega, his boy, his love.

Chapter Notes

So this is the last chapter of this part! Don't worry there will be more! It might not be a for a while but there will be more!

Thank you so much for everyone who has stayed with me on this journey.

Much love and see you all back in the trash can soon xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes up in stages, consciousness happening in increments, as if is he wading through thick fog, he can feel heat and longing but not much else at first. He opens his eyes, he does not recognise the room he is in, it has peach walls and looks like a hospital. His body feels too hot, his skin too tight, his breath feels like fire in his lungs, he hears a long drawn out whimper and he realises it came from his own lips. Then he feels his hand in someone else's, he can feel their skin against his, he knows then it is Hannibal. He turns his head and meets those eyes, glowing amber "Alpha!" he can hear how desperate his voice sounds and it makes him ache again, he groans, the longing now a physical pain in every muscle in his body. He *needs* .

Hannibal is wearing what looks like a dressing gown as he stands up and leans over Will "are you alright? Do you know where you are?"

"Hospital?" Will replies his voice feels too heavy in his mouth.

Hannibal nods “yes, you have heat sickness, you are going to be alright. Daddy’s here.” Will watches with rapt attention as Hannibal removes the robe he is wearing dropping it on the ground and climbing onto the bed with Will. The bed is only a little bigger than a single bed, not much room but it is enough. Will throws the covers off himself he needs to feel Hannibal next to him, he needs skin to skin contact. Hannibal covers Will’s body with his own as Will parts his legs to allow Hannibal to settle between them. Will reaches a hand up to Hannibal’s hair and brushes his hand through it “Daddy” he whines as he feels the weight of Hannibal on him. Their gazes meet for a moment and they both smile.

“I’m here now my love, I will make you feel better.” Hannibal gently strokes a hand through Will’s hair and leans down to press his lips against Will’s. There is no teasing this time, a slow languid kiss begins between them as Will moves his hips so his leaking hole lines up with Hannibal’s erect cock. Will reaches down between them and pushes the foreskin back as he raises his hips so he can take all of Hannibal inside him. They both groan as slowly Will is filled with Hannibal’s cock. The heat between them so close to being a burn. Hannibal presses down hard pushing Will’s hips back down on the bed as Will’s hand grabs and pulls Hannibal’s hair. Will’s other hand snakes around and grips Hannibal’s ass encouraging him to go as deep as he can. Hannibal moans loudly and kisses Will’s neck, burying his head in the curve of Will’s shoulder, licking and sucking the flesh.

It does not take long before Will wraps his legs around Hannibal’s waist and Hannibal is completely seated inside. They are so close now and Will feels like he can finally breathe, as if his body is now whole, that vacuum inside him finally filled. Hannibal thrusts once and is overcome with pleasure, he throws his head back and shouts with ecstasy at how good this feels. It has never felt like this before. There is no teasing, no holding back, there is just alpha and omega, coming together as one, heat and rut. The perfect reflection of each other, the perfect fit. They do not need words they just need this, hot and tight, wet and hard, so much pleasure it is almost too much.

Will can feel the pressure of Hannibal’s knot as it begins to form, pressing up against him, he whimpers with need. The sound of it makes Hannibal growl and he almost loses control and bites Will then and there but manages to stop himself remembering the promise he made. “Alpha, please!” Will whines and extends his neck, pressing his skin against Hannibal’s lips who can feel those tempting tendons and scent gland against his lips, grazing his teeth against them. “Soon, soon, I promise omega.”

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He is so overcome Hannibal's voice is a whisper as he presses a chaste kiss to Will's lips "are you sure?"

Will strokes the side of Hannibal's face with both his hands and moves his hips up making Hannibal groan as he kisses Will again. They part and Will smiles "bond with me, Daddy, alpha, bite me please."

Hannibal knows he is powerless with his knot deep inside Will and his boy as close as he can be, he can feel every inch of them as they are pressed together. Tears stream down Hannibal's face and Will smiles, wiping them away with a thumb. "Daddy, please, make me yours. I love you."

"Daddy loves you too." Hannibal manages as Will smiles and then leans his head back to expose his neck. Hannibal gently nuzzles Will's neck slowly at first, then Will whines and pulls Hannibal's hair arching his neck in a tempting curve. Feeling those tendons raised and taught under his lips, that scent gland swollen and pressing against the skin, Hannibal cannot resist a moment longer. He licks a stripe across the gland "Alpha!" Will shouts as he feels those teeth brush against the mound, swollen and sore under his skin. "Please!" Hannibal parts his lips, teeth bared they scrape against the hot flesh, a light pressure, Will can feel those canines almost pierce his skin as he imagines his blood flowing out into Hannibal's mouth, silky and hot on his tongue and groans.

"No." Hannibal pulls back. "Not like this."

"Daddy!! Please!! I can't!" Will is crying now, tears hot and desperate down his cheeks. Hannibal soothes him and kisses his cheeks.

"Soon, my love, so soon, shhh, rest now let Daddy fill you and when we are through this, when we are back in Paris I will bond with you." Hannibal thrusts, moving his knot he comes inside Will who screams at the sensation and passes out as Hannibal continues to kiss him as he comes over and over inside his beautiful boy.

***

When they both wake Will, Hannibal's knot beginning to deflate, Will can think clearly for the first time as the fog begins to clear. He can still feel it though pressing against the edges of his mind. He watches as Hannibal's eyes flick open above him. "Daddy." Will whispers and Hannibal kisses him soft and languid.

“Omega.” Hannibal responds, a little breathless, “how do you feel?”

“Better.” Will responds as Hannibal begins to move so his knot slips from Will, slick and cum leak out, they both moan.

Hannibal gently strokes Will’s hair and smiles. “Are you hungry? I can ask for some food to be brought in.” Will does feel hungry, he feel ravenous actually, he can also feel he does not have long until his heat comes back and all he will want is Hannibal’s knot. As if reading his mind Hannibal smiles and laughs “we cannot live on each other alone, you need food.” Hannibal shifts as if to move away but Will whines and holds him with his hands on Hannibal’s back.

“No, I need you, I don’t want you not inside me.” Will whines as Hannibal soothes him with gentle kisses removing himself in little increments from Will so it is not a shock. “Good boy, just breath, let Daddy take care of you.”

Will eventually relents and allows Hannibal to press the intercom and ask for some food. Once he is done he lays back down covering Will with his body until he calms down and his whimpers stop. Someone knocks on the door and Hannibal gently strokes Will’s hair “Daddy is going to get the door, I will be back.” Will whines but let’s go so Hannibal can get off the bed, he dresses in the discarded robe and opens the door, taking the tray from the nurse, he closes the door quickly.

Will whimpers as Hannibal places the tray on the moveable table by the bed, he wheels it closer and then removes his robe and climbs back into the bed. He positions himself so Will is led on on top of him between his legs, back pressed against Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal then feeds Will small bites of fruit, cheese and meat from the platter. Small sips of water too, Will takes every bite from Hannibal as if it is the nectar of the gods lingering licks and scrapes of teeth against his fingers. Before long they are both hard again and the food is all eaten. Hannibal reaches around and strokes Will’s cock, his hand encompassing the length he works his hand up and down as he kisses Will’s neck.

“Mmmm Daddy!” Will whines leaning his neck back as he starts to feel slick form once more dripping down his legs he pushes his ass against Hannibal’s cock. “Why won’t you bite me?”

“My beautiful omega, my love, my sweet boy,” Hannibal whispers as he gently cups Will’s balls before stroking his cock again. “I will when we are though this heat. Daddy will take you to Paris

and bond with you, sink my teeth into that sweet column of your pale neck and drink your juices like they are ambrosia."

"Please, Daddy!" Will is beginning to lose his thoughts again, eyes roll back in his head as Hannibal pleasures him.

"I will taste every part of you Make you come on my tongue, fuck you with my cock and then lick up your blood and we will be one." Hannibal whispers hotly into Will's neck. "You will be mine forever omega." Will whines and grips the damp sheets of the bed as he comes loudly, pressing his ass against Hannibal's cock. "You are beautiful when you come." Hannibal says breathless with awe.

Will smiles and moans as Hannibal lifts a cum drenched finger up to Will's lips and pushes inside so he can taste himself. Hannibal's other hand then reaches down and presses inside Will's hole, mixing cum and slick, two fingers slip inside and then three making Will hum with approval as he sucks himself from Hannibal's fingers. The feeling of having his fingers inside Will's mouth and hole, all hot and wet makes Hannibal growl into the soft flesh of Will's neck.

The position they are in now so similar to when they fucked in Hannibal's office last, Hannibal moans at the memory. He wants to see Will this time he needs to look into those eyes, "can you turn around?" Hannibal asks and Will moans as Hannibal slips his fingers from inside him. Will moves so he is straddling Hannibal, he scrapes a hand down Will's chest. "Take me in omega." Hannibal whispers looking at this beautiful nymph above him.

"Yes, yes!" Will raises himself up and quickly, this time, lowers himself onto Hannibal's cock, pushing the foreskin as he goes. Hannibal shouts and grabs onto Will's hips, fingers pressing into the flesh as Will fucks himself in hard and quick thrusts on Hannibal's cock. Hannibal can do nothing but let the waves of unbridled pleasure wash over him. He reaches up and grabs a nipple, squeezing harshly as he manages to moves his other hand to Will's once again erect cock, slippery and hot in his hand. Will is lost to the movements and the feeling of Hannibal inside him, hands everywhere. He moans and leans his head back, he scrapes a hand down his neck and presses against his scent gland. Hannibal bites his lower lip as the increased scent in the room hits him and he watches those fingers press into that column of skin he desperately wants to bite.

"Omega!" Hannibal shouts, he wants to grab Will and bring him flush to his chest and sink his teeth deep into that neck, bond with this creature forever, keep him in his bed, just them joined forever. Hannibal whimpers at the thought.

Hannibal can feel his knot once again building as Will slams down onto it, stopping just before he can take it inside. He does this over and over until Hannibal is a whimpering mess and can take it no longer, he grabs Will by the hips and with ease lifts him up, moving himself in one swift move so that Will is on all fours in front of him, an impressive move in such a small bed. Once he has him where he needs him, Hannibal pushes inside, his cock fully seated, he thrusts a few times and then presses his knot inside. Will leans back as Hannibal grabs his hair and pulls the strands harshly. Will groans with pleasure as Hannibal fills him.

Before Hannibal has a chance to come though Will pushes himself up so Hannibal has to move an arm across Will's chest as his back comes flush against Hannibal's chest. Will pressing himself firmly against Hannibal just as Hannibal comes; he almost gives in and bites Will when he does this but manages to change the angle so his teeth land on Will's shoulder instead, causing Will to whimper in complaint. Hannibal reaches down and strokes Will's cock slowly so they are soon both coming on shaky legs.

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The next few days are a blur of sex, heat, rut, coming, groans and shouts. The air in the room is thick with desire and scent. Even when they sleep, they still find each other, waking up with Hannibal's knot inside Will in a different position than when they went to sleep. Will tries over and over to get Hannibal to bite him, there are many close calls but Hannibal manages to restrain himself. They are given food at intervals but it always quickly descends into sex. Eventually they are told new sheets are needed and so they stumble to the shower and Hannibal plunges his tongue inside Will's hole while he braces himself against the wall and warm water runs over both of them,

Will begs for Hannibal to fuck him then but Hannibal instead takes Will's cock in his mouth until Will is shaking and delirious. It is only then Hannibal picks him up in his arms, Will wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist, and he fucks Will against the wall of the shower until the hot water turns cool. Hannibal dries Will and himself off before carrying Will to the bed and lying beside him where they both fall asleep. When they dream they are in Hannibal's large bed, rose petals strewn across the sheets which stick to Will's back as Hannibal holds him, rocking him on his cock. Will moans and begs for a bite and Hannibal even in the dream resists, brushing his teeth against Will's flesh until he comes painfully pushing himself against Hannibal's knot so they wake up joined.

Will's heat eventually slows and he can feel himself coming back. Hannibal's rut lasts a little longer and Will finds himself being fucked up against the end of the bed until he is milked dry. It makes his legs shake and his voice hoarse from screaming at every orgasm. Hannibal is wild and Will hopes that he can make him bite him in his abandon but he always pulls back. Will loves to have Hannibal in rut, his thrusts so strong Will feels like he might split in two. He has never felt so needed and so desired, he feels sore and overstimulated but he never wants it to end.

The haze does end though and they lie both utterly spent spooned in bed, naked and satiated.
Hannibal strokes his hand down Will's side as he half dozes. "How do you feel?" Hannibal asks as he watches Will's eyes flicker open.

"Like I could sleep for a week." Will laughs. "I mean actually sleep not dream."

Hannibal smiles and kisses the curve of Will's shoulder "yes, indeed."

The moment settles between them as they both remember everything they have done these last few days. Will opens his eyes and takes one of Hannibal's hands in his holding it to his chest he softly whispers "what happens now?"

Hannibal knows they need to talk, they need to figure out what happens when they leave this room, now that the haze has left. Will cranes his neck so he can look up at Hannibal who smiles as he looks down at Will.

"Marry me." Hannibal says simply as Will's eyes widen and tears spring forth so that all he can do is nod.

Chapter End Notes

comments are the way Will's eyes widen Hannibal asks him 'that' question and kudos are those two words xxx

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